

THE
EXPRESS.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
FRANCES D'AUBIGNE.

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum. JUVENAL.

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THE EXPRESS.

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CHAPTER I.

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———— Volumes of report

Run with these false and most contrarious quests

Upon thy doings.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO describe our march would be tedious and superfluous. The detailed accounts which have been given of the movements of the army during this campaign are sufficiently well known to excuse my passing over the time of our leaving Lisbon, and proceeding up the valley of the Tagus, till we arrived near Talavera

del Reyna—that Talavera where the memorable battle of the twenty-seventh of July took place. The French were at Ollala, and seemed to wish for a general action, and our commander was determined to meet their wishes: every one was busy—every one was anxious—and every one was sanguine in their expectations of the result of the battle.

At such a time it would be natural to suppose that the envy which I felt towards Raymond would, at least for a while, have subsided: but no—it was far otherwise; I felt certain that he would particularly distinguish himself on the approaching occasion, and this conviction pained me, if possible, more than even his having endeared himself so much to all during the march.

The colonel, and indeed all the officers of the regiment, were kind to me; and I have now no doubt, had I been less solicitous to eclipse Raymond, I
might

might still have been the favourite; but there was an effort in all I did and said, and an air of mortification attending my most trifling words, and a readiness to take offence whenever Raymond was in question, that could not fail of presenting the most complete contrast to his ingenuous and open manners, and his easy and ever cheerful temper.

“I am afraid your friend Raymond is too eager for popularity,” said Danby; “it seems to me that he would make any sacrifice to obtain it. He would be worth any thing at an election—he would be an incomparable vote-coaxer. I cannot account for the wonderful pains he takes to please the regiment. I think it cannot be without object, but what that object is it is impossible to guess. It would be strange if this Mr. Raymond, who is so famous on a march, was to be found tripping after all.”

It gratified me to find that Danby

did not like Raymond, though I was disappointed that he could find no substantial fault with him. I often almost wished, though I blushed to confess it to myself, that he would put some of his actions or his conversation into a ludicrous point of view; but when he attempted it, his powers of ridicule seemed to fail him, and his jokes on Raymond were so flat, that nobody laughed at them; so he very seldom made him the subject of his satire.

The notice which colonel Osborne, major Macleod, and the other officers who had seen service, and had high military reputation, took of Raymond, stung me to the heart, and I believe at length occasioned that total want of energy in all I did and said, that but ill accorded with the zeal I had professed, and the ardour I had felt, for the Spanish cause. Momentary flashes of enthusiasm did at times cross my mind, but
they

they were now of short duration ; that base sentiment, which had taken such deep root in my infancy, resembled the fatal tree under whose shade certain destruction lurks, for all that was good faded away beneath its baneful influence.

The evening before the battle took place we were, of course, very busy—some were on guard, others visiting the guards, and every preparation was going on with the greatest vigour. Dermot sought me out, and with mysterious gestures and significant looks gave me to understand that he had something of importance to communicate.

When I went aside with him, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and said—
“ Here’s a strange piece of work as ever was heard of in the wide world ! I hope all’s right ; and above all I hope Mr. Raymond’s not doin himself and us all a bad turn.”

“What is it you mean, Dermot?” inquired I.

“Oh, troth,” answered he, “it’s no asy matter to make head or tail of it; but anyhow, I’ll tell you the whole of the matter, from first to last. Well, some of the men that was on guard, about half-an-hour ago, saw a man stand in forenent them, and none of them could tell how he got there, nor who, in the name of wonder, he was, unless he was somethin out of the way, that appears quite on the suddent. I just got a sight of him myself, and any how he’s naither Irish, English, nor Scotch, for he has a pair of eyes—Lord bless us! that it would frighten you to see, for you’d raily think he’d look you through and through; and as swarthy and as sooty a divle ever as come across me. He stared at them, and to be sure they looked hard enough at him. They asked him what he was, and he made answer
in

in some quare kind of gibberish, or English, that he couldn't spake a word of; but at last, by the fair dint of goin it over and over, and repaiting it till he was pretty well tired, I'll engage, he made them sinsible that it was Mr. Raymond he was wantin, and he'd have had them tell no other crature that he was there; and when Mr. Raymond come to him, he was quite pale and frightened like, and they walked away; and nobody can make out what they'd say to aich other, unless the packet the villyan has is a dispatch from the inimy. To be sure, I hope I never may see him, the longest day I live, for he's not one bit like a Christian, but liker a ghost just come out of the grave, with his great starey pair of eyes.—Oh! I wisht with all my heart that to-morrow was over comfortably, and that we were after baitin the Frinch, and we might go paceably home; for I'm sure we're meet-

in ups and downs enough to give one a turn again sodgering, at any rate."

Dermot now, to prove the truth of what he had asserted, began to question one of the guards, whose account exactly coincided with his. I thought it strange, and all that Wilkes had said about the family of C—— flashed across my mind.

I dismissed Dermot under some pretence, that I might indulge in solitude the reflections that naturally arose in my mind, as the moment for action approached.—"Farewell, my dear mother!" I mentally exclaimed, as I recollected how many chances there were against my beholding her again—"farewell for ever! And Marian too—fairest and best!"

I concealed myself among some trees, that I might be sure of gazing without interruption on her picture, which I had taken from my bosom. I kissed it, and bade it adieu a thousand times. I heard
a slight

a slight rustling among the leaves, and very low whispering. I did not leave my retreat, as I had not time to put up the miniature before the persons who spoke appeared quite close to me.

I felt my blood run cold, as I could distinguish Raymond's voice, saying—"I hope this packet was not seen by any one? it is of great consequence that it should not."

At that moment Raymond and his companion were full in my sight. The foliage of the tree under which I stood, and the closing in of the day, prevented their distinguishing me. Raymond tore open the packet which the Spaniard (for such, from his appearance, I concluded he was) had given to him. He read it over hastily, and with considerable agitation; then putting it into his bosom, I could distinctly hear him say—"I must endeavour to bring them over—I

know I have gained some influence with them."

"Can it be of the soldiers he speaks?" thought I; but I was not long left in doubt, for the Spaniard handed him a bundle—"This," said he, "is what I mentioned."

Raymond opened it, and I saw it contained a number of tri-coloured cockades. He then began to speak Spanish, in so low a tone of voice that I could not hear what he said; but he tied up the cockades in as small a compass as he could, and taking them in his hand, went a different way from the Spaniard, after having emptied his purse into his hand.

I remained motionless for some moments, Marian's picture still open in my hand; horror and surprise took away the power of exertion completely from me. The first desire which I felt, on recovering

covering myself, was to hasten after Raymond, and tell him that accident had discovered to me the part he was acting; but he was already out of sight. — “And is he,” cried I, “and is the heroic Raymond a traitor?”

I sought him, but it was in vain—he was hurrying from guard to guard, and I could find him nowhere.

“He is at present with colonel Osborne,” said Wilkes; “he was going round to the guards by his direction, I suppose.”

I could not help thinking that he had visited the guards with the worst intentions. I determined to watch him closely, but to be silent for ever on the subject of what I had seen and heard, unless I should have an opportunity of communicating with him before the battle.

CHAPTER II.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY one rallied their spirits, and Raymond appeared much as usual the next morning. I certainly felt some agitation, and much anxiety for the termination of the battle.

We were drawn up on a height, under the command of major-general ——. At about ten o'clock the attack commenced on the advanced post stationed in the wood on the right of the Alberche. Towards the close of evening, the attack
became

became general. I felt the most lively interest, and those who were near me gratified me afterwards by bearing testimony that I did my duty.

My heart died within me when I saw part of our division give way, and the enemy gain possession of the ground which we had occupied. It struck me very forcibly, that the company to which Raymond belonged was the first part of the division to abandon their situation. My indignation against him was almost boundless, when I saw this example quickly followed; but soon, by the skill of our general, and the valour of our troops, we were reinstated, and the enemy obliged to relinquish an advantage which they had but for a moment.

The attack was renewed in the night, and again at daylight; the enemy was repulsed with great slaughter, and at length found it expedient to cross the
Alberche.

Alberche. Several of our gallant officers fell, and our loss was very considerable, but our victory was considered as very decided.

Never was there a harder fought battle. Though some years have passed away since those two memorable days, they appear to me but as yesterday; I still see the ground strewed with many a gallant soldier, whose heart beat high for glory and for freedom—I still hear the dying groans of some, and the supplicating sighs of others. I went round the scene of action with Wilkes, and endeavoured to administer some consolation and assistance to those who stood so much in need of both. Never had I seen Wilkes appear to such advantage; there was a wonderful celerity in his motions, and great attention and care to all who required it. What in his general intercourse with the world became
troublesome

troublesome officiousness, here assumed the character of active benevolence and zealous exertion.

Many were the tears which were shed on the graves of the departed heroes, but the greetings were still more lively than the regrets; each person seemed more surprised to find his brother in arms still living, than to see his former companions lifeless on the fatal field.

Colonel Osborne spoke to us all in the handsomest manner, but to Raymond he was particularly kind, and expressed himself with more warmth to him than to any of us. I thought Raymond appeared embarrassed—he certainly changed colour; and I watched him so closely, that I construed all his actions into guilt. I felt provoked to the greatest degree when I heard him so highly commended, and accused colonel Osborne, in my own mind, of the blindest partiality.

The

The compliment which colonel Osborne paid to me struck me as being cold and studied, and I felt conscious that my acknowledgment of it was confused and ungracious; however, I felt gratified when he took me in a kind manner under the arm, and asked me to take a turn with him; but my feelings soon became of a very different nature, when Raymond became the subject of his discourse, and he bestowed on him the highest encomiums—"But you are silent," said he; "and yet surely the merit of your friend must be a pleasing theme? You do not answer me, St. Lawrence—I cannot understand you."

"I am not easily mistaken," replied I, "nor have I ever been so, till Raymond got into the regiment, and seems to have prejudiced every one against me."

"Prejudiced!" repeated colonel Osborne;

borne; "it is not in his generous nature to do so; how much less then would he act unworthily by his friend?"

"Believe me, sir," said I, "though I do regard him, he is not that model of perfection for which he passes, and for which his vanity has made him set up."

"You really surprise me!" exclaimed he; "how can you think Raymond vain?"

"Because," interrupted I, "he has often, to gratify that vanity, caused me the acutest pain."

"How?" inquired colonel Osborne.

"In a thousand different ways."

"My dear young friend," returned colonel Osborne, "I feel a strong interest for you, and it is that which has induced me to seek for an opportunity of conversing with you freely on this subject."

I bowed, but remained silent.

"I think," resumed he, "that you
are

are not quite so just to your friend Raymond as I expected to find you."

"I cannot accuse myself of being in any way unjust towards him."

"You never," returned he, "join in the praises which all are so ready to bestow on him—nay, they seem to pain you materially, and two or three times you have been seriously offended with some of our young men for professing their admiration of him in a warm manner."

"You are mistaken," interrupted I, as I felt my anger rise, "you are mistaken—I do not care what any one thinks of him."

"Indeed, St. Lawrence, you speak very unkindly of a person whom I heard you mention as your friend before I ever saw him."

I was going to interrupt him, but he requested I would listen to him in silence
for

for a few minutes.—“It is a painful task,” said he, “to enter upon this subject with you, but I think it my duty. I have always thought it right to evince the interest which I feel for all the officers placed under me, by attending to their conduct in every respect: my being so many years older than you must also excuse my offering you my advice.”

I again shewed my attention to what he was saying by bowing.

“There is no feeling of the human mind,” added he, “which proves more useful to society, or beneficial to ourselves, than emulation—in a military situation its importance is very great; but if we suffer it to degenerate, its unfortunate effect is incalculable; it creates that total want of confidence which is the bane of society, and in every situation in life it comes between us and our interest.”

“I am sure,” said I, “I am not a
victim

victim to such an ungenerous sentiment, and whoever——”

My passion was so raised, that I almost forgot the respect which was due to my commanding officer. I felt the more angry, I am now sure, because the accusation was just.

“Be for a few moments patient,” said colonel Osborne, “and do not make me repent having taken the part of a friend. St. Lawrence, I confess it has been for some time evident to me—nay, to the whole regiment, that Raymond’s excellence and Raymond’s talents have caused you a good deal of uneasiness.”

“Not the least, I declare,” interrupted I.

“It has appeared to many in the regiment that it has been the case,” returned he; “and all are surprised that *you* should for a moment give way to such unworthy feelings—you who had no reason in the world to fear competition
with

with any one; it has excited regret as much as surprise, and with some of the less thinking, merriment. My disappointment has indeed been very great: however, it is not now too late to do away the impression which your manner has made; there is no difficulty in making an effort—your good understanding must shew you the necessity of it: an effort once made is easily followed up.”

“What effort,” repeated I, “do you speak of, sir? I do not envy Raymond—far from it; I rejoice that I do not resemble him.”

“It would be happy for you, or any body, to be like him,” replied colonel Osborne, almost out of patience with me.

“Happy!” repeated I; “you do not know Raymond, colonel Osborne.”

“Perfectly,” said he; “he is easily known—he is very ingenuous——”

“Ingenuous!”

“Ingenuous!” exclaimed I; “you do not know how artful he is.”

“I believe he has not a particle of artifice in his composition,” said he; “he is indeed guilty of the crime of being very amiable and uncommonly clever, and you—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—and you feel some degree of envy.”

“Oh!” said I, “I could tell you what would at once open your eyes.”

“You can have nothing,” returned he, “to tell me against Raymond, I am very sure.”

“It is not then against him,” exclaimed I, almost breathless with passion, “it is not then against him that he holds correspondence with the enemy—that he receives their dispatches—that he accepts of their badges—that he acts under their orders—in short, it is not against him that he is a traitor!”

“Go, go,” said colonel Osborne, “these accusations are idle and unjust. You have

I have suffered yourself to be carried away by the most ungenerous of feelings, but I, at least, will give you no encouragement by listening to the suggestions of an imagination which sees every thing relative to Raymond, that excellent and exalted young man, through a false medium."

He was now turning from me, but I rushed before him, so as to impede his progress. — "Hear me!" said I; "by Heaven it is true!"

"By Heaven it is false!" returned he, as he left me.

"Ifa!" said I, "he will not hear me; but there are others who will—he shall find that I am no liar. I will perform my duty to myself—to my country, and I do not care how much it costs me. My happiness I could sacrifice, but my honour I must preserve. I will acquaint general V—— with the circumstances, and let him act as he shall judge expedient:

expedient: certainly my veracity must be unimpeached. I will tell Raymond too what I have done."

I hastily wrote the following lines, while my hand trembled so violently, from passion and agitation, that I could scarcely hold my pen:—

" Impelled by the most painful duty, I take the liberty, my dear sir, of addressing you.

" Just at this moment of rejoicing for our glorious victory at Talavera, the most distressing task that can devolve on a human being is mine to perform, for I must bring an accusation of no light nature against a person I once considered as my friend: but I should myself partake of the guilt of treason, if I delayed making the disclosure, and have hereafter to reproach myself, if my silence

lence produced the mischief it is more than probable it would. Raymond is not the person he was supposed; so far, indeed from being loyal, and ardent in the cause of Spain, he has entered into a correspondence with the disaffected—he has received their dispatches, and, as far as circumstances would permit, acted under their orders. He was heard to declare he would encourage the army to desertion, and he tried to do so on the height at Talavera: but the success of treason was but momentary, for we quickly regained the ground which his artifice had made us lose. He has so contrived to blind his superior officers with regard to his conduct, that they will not listen to any thing against him; but I am ready to prove what I here state to you in the presence of the whole world, and that he has, at this very moment, in his possession a number of tri-coloured cock-

ades, to be distributed of course among those he induces to become traitors.

“ My painful task is now over, and I feel assured that you will make whatever is the best use of the discovery.

“ I remain, &c.

“ HENRY ST. LAWRENCE.”

As soon as I had sealed up and directed my letter to general V——, I hastened and got it made up with the dispatches which were for Lisbon.

I determined to seek an opportunity of telling Raymond what I had done, but found I could have no conversation with him this day, as the colonel had sent for him, and would detain him till night.

I became restless and uneasy. I had no sooner gratified my passion by sending
ing

ing off my letter to general V——, than I repented of what I had done. I walked up and down my apartment in considerable agitation and misery of mind. — “Oh! I would give the whole world,” mentally exclaimed I, “that I had never written it! I cannot bear the agony of mind I suffer!”

I hastened to procure my letter; but judge of my vexation, when I was told, on asking where the dispatches were, that they were already on the way to Lisbon! I knew that the expresses travelled with such expedition, that all hope of overtaking them would be in vain, and that even if I could get up with them, I should have no right to have the dispatches opened.

I stood still, nearly petrified with horror; my head grew giddy, and I turned extremely sick. One of the soldiers, on seeing the deadly paleness of my face, obliged me to take some water, which I

do believe saved me from fainting. I shall never forget the agony of my feelings. Though I have drank deeply of the cup of affliction, I think that instant was the most miserable I ever endured. I excused myself from appearing for the remainder of the day; but it was not a false excuse to say I was not well, for my head ached violently.

When poor Dermot exclaimed—"Oh, musha! musha! is it a faver you're gettin?" I thought how many thousand times worse is the fever of the mind than of the body.

When I opened my eyes, after having closed them in the vain hope of shutting out the recollection of what I had done, and saw Raymond standing beside me, I started as if I had beheld some horrible vision. He held my hand, as he told me he had heard from one of the soldiers that I had been taken suddenly ill, and been near fainting.

I wished

I wished to tell what had produced such an emotion in me ; I tried to speak, but my lips became parched, and my tongue refused its office.—I found it would now be utterly impossible to confess what I had done ; and when I could at length speak, it was merely to entreat that he might leave me, and that I would endeavour to compose myself to rest.

As he was leaving the room, I could hear him desire Dermot to keep me as quiet as possible, for that he was afraid I was feverish. The kindness of his manner was like a dagger to my heart—his image haunted me all night, whether I slept or waked.

CHAPTER III.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tittle-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume.

— — — — —

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS scarcely up the next morning before Wilkes, pale and out of breath, came to inquire how I was.—“Probably,” said he, “it is a touch of the ague which you have got: we’ll throw in a little bark, and you’ll soon be well. Though indeed I was very anxious to know how you were, to tell you the truth, what brought me here in such a hurry

hurry was to tell you a piece of news, which I know you'll be sorry to hear."

I asked him what it was, with some perturbation, for it instantly occurred to me that it was something relative to the unfortunate letter which I had written and sent, while labouring under the effects of passion and mortification.

"We must be off directly," said he; "there is an account just arrived, that Soult, Ney, and Mortier, have formed a junction, and are advancing to fall on the rear of the army; and, to mend the matter, two columns of the enemy have entered Placentia. Victor, it is supposed (though we gave him such a good drubbing), will again advance against us, when encouraged by this news. Our general-in-chief says we must depend for safety on great celerity of movement. General Cuesta remains here with the army under his command. If he is obliged to abandon this post, he has promised to

bring the sick and wounded along with him. I'm sure I'm glad there were so few of our men badly wounded, or I suppose I should have been obliged to stay here, and I can tell you I wouldn't have liked that at all: but indeed as it is, I'm certain we'll fall into the enemy's hands. It will be very provoking. I wonder whether they'll send us off direct to France? If they should, I wonder what part it will be? I wonder whether they'd let one out on their parole, to see the country a little, you know? It would be very vexatious to be there, and to see nothing; and I never was in France."

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed I, "that we should be taken! Our general has so much skill, that whatever he undertakes may be considered as already done, and I have no doubt that he will save the army."

"So I think too," returned Wilkes;

"but.

“ but then, if Soult, Ney, and Mortier, attack our rear, and Victor advances in front, and the troops from Placentia attack——”

“ Hold !” cried I; “ you have surrounded us in a most unmerciful manner.”

“ I must run off at any rate,” continued he, “ and visit my sick, and prepare for our march.”

Just as I thought he was leaving me, he turned round, and said—“ Oh, I forgot to tell you, I think Raymond seems as glad as any thing that the French are coming: it’s very odd, but maybe he’s not really glad; you know he has that kind of manner. It was very unlucky he got so intimate with the family of C——s; one can never help thinking of it. I am sure I try to forget it, and to prevent other people recollecting it, but still it’s a thing that cannot be forgotten; I find it almost impossible to think

of any thing else when I am in his company: but for all that, I'm sure he's not really glad that the French are coming to surround us, and kill us, and take us prisoners; but he seems quite cheerful. Maybe he likes marching—you know the colonel complimented him after our march: do you know, I think we all marched as well. Between ourselves, the colonel's rather easily newfangled—any one he likes can persuade him black's white and white's black; but I never tried, though I was always inclined to think I was rather a favourite with him, and was, you know, as intimate as possible with both him and Mrs. Osborne ever since I came into the regiment."

Wilkes happened fortunately to recollect that he was in a hurry, or I do not know how much longer he might have staid listening to himself.

I tried to rally my spirits, by persuading myself that I had acted in strict
conformity

conformity to my duty, and that I was making a noble sacrifice of my own feelings for the good of my country. The broad hints which Wilkes had thrown out made me feel more at *peace* with myself, and the allusions he made to colonel Osborne's partiality to Raymond made me feel more at *war* with them. —“ Raymond himself once told me,” thought I, “ that I would even sacrifice my friend for the good of the community, and though he said it jestingly, his words are at length verified.”

When I attended colonel Osborne, he told me, after he had given me his orders, that he expected that the greatest cordiality should subsist between the officers on our retreat, and the foolish expressions I had yesterday made use of should be buried in oblivion—that from him Raymond should never hear them.

I conceived that colonel Osborne had

spoken to me in a protecting tone, and I mentally ejaculated—"I am not the least afraid of a duel!"

The march was certainly of use to me; it occupied me so much, that it in some measure diverted my thoughts from the subject which had so much engrossed them.

"I am not sorry, Talavera, that we have turned our backs on you," exclaimed Alexander Danby, as we commenced our march, "for, next to Lisbon, you are the place I most dislike. I trust we shall not speedily return to Lisbon, for in my estimation the Black Hole at Calcutta is a paradise in comparison of it—it really stands pre-eminent in dirt, in nastiness, and every abomination."

I was going to advance something in favour of Lisbon, which city I rather liked, particularly as I had there got acquainted with Marian; but recollecting that he had there met donna Olivia, his prejudice

judice was easily accounted for, and I remained silent.

On the third of August we reached Oropesa. In the evening we received the distressing intelligence that thirty thousand of the enemy had advanced from Placentia and got between our army and the bridge of Almaraz. This occasioned the greatest anxiety and uneasiness among us, which was not a little augmented when, in a short time after, we heard general Cuesta was about to quit Talavera, and would let most of the wounded and sick fall into the hands of the French, as he had no mode of conveyance for them.

There was every reason to suppose that Victor, after leaving a thousand men to watch general Venegas, would advance to Talavera with the remainder of his force, consisting of five-and-twenty thousand, and our army, if not successful

cessful in a contest with Victor, Soult, and Ney, would be without a retreat.

Under these circumstances our general-in-chief judged it expedient to cross the Tagus by the bridge at Arzo Bispo. This was put into execution the following day, and we continued our route towards Badajoz, between which city and Merida we remained till December, during which time nothing occurred worth recounting.

I had received no answer from general V——, which led me to suppose that my letter had not reached him. I was often glad to think it had failed; at other times, when my passions were roused by seeing the esteem in which Raymond was held, I almost wished to receive an answer. But, however, an opportunity of ascertaining whether he had received it or not was soon to occur, as the commander-in-chief of the army
found

found it necessary to retreat beyond the Spanish frontier, for the purpose of defending Portugal.

CHAPTER IV.
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—————Banish'd from her,  
Is self from self—a deadly banishment !  
— — — — —

—————Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself. SHAKESPEARE.

WE again entered Lisbon. I felt my heart beat with the strongest emotion: the idea of again beholding my beloved Marian seemed more like a dream than a reality; it occupied my mind exclusively, till I found myself approaching her dwelling.

For

For the last two months I had set down so positively in my own mind that general V—— had not received my letter, that the possibility of his having got it now seldom occurred to me, so that the idea of again meeting my best of friends was unembittered by any painful sensation.

When I entered the house on which Mr. Fairfield had been billeted, I made but one spring up the stairs, determining to surprise Marian by appearing suddenly before her; and short as the time was which brought me to the room in which she generally sat, I had pictured to myself her pleasure at our meeting. I did not attend to the question of "who was I?" repeated several times in Portuguese by the woman of the house, so intent was I on my purpose of seeing Marian's astonishment on beholding me. The fear, indeed, of my voice being recognized, before I witnessed its effect

effect on my beloved, would in itself have been a sufficient motive for keeping me silent.

I opened the door very softly, and stole into the room. The day was closing in fast, and I could but imperfectly distinguish a lady and two gentlemen sitting at the far end of the room. I instantly perceived that the lady was not Marian, but thought she was Mrs. Fairfield; she did not see me till I was opposite to her, when looking on me, she exclaimed, in a voice with which I was totally unacquainted—"Good Heavens! are you come to murder us?" This question was followed by several loud and piercing screams, while I remained in a state of stupified astonishment; but in a moment recovering my self-possession, which the lady's extraordinary reception of me had deprived me of, I turned to the gentlemen, and apologized for my intrusion, which I assured them

them was quite unintentional, as it was in the expectation of seeing Mr. Fairfield that I had entered the room.

The gentlemen both replied, that my dress (for I was in uniform) had impressed them with the idea that my visit was merely accidental, and not made for the purpose of alarming or distressing them.

“For Heaven’s sake!” cried the lady, in what she intended for an under voice, but which was sufficiently audible to prevent my losing a word of what she said, “for Heaven’s sake, make him leave the room, for I am so terrified, that I am sure if he stays another moment I shall faint!”

On this hint I made my bow, and was leaving the room, when the gentlemen, who seemed to have a much greater tendency to politeness than the lady, followed me, with a thousand apologies for the *nervousness* of Mrs. Melicent, which



which they assured me had increased so much since her residence in Lisbon, from her dread of the Portuguese, and apprehensions lest the French should enter Lisbon, that she could not bear to see a stranger, as her fears immediately represented any person she was not prepared to see, as a Portuguese or Frenchman.

I received their excuses as graciously as I could, after the disappointment I had met with in not finding the valued friends I had expected to see. On asking one of the gentlemen whether he could give me their direction, he replied, that they had sailed for England a few days previous to his being billeted on the house in which he then was—it was about a month since. I felt the most cruel disappointment, which was aggravated by hearing that their departure from Lisbon was occasioned by the illness of Mrs. or Miss Fairfield, he could not tell which.

I hurried

I hurried down as fast as possible, in hopes of hearing something, more certain at least, relative to them. The woman of the house told me, that Miss Fairfield had seemed very delicate, and was very anxious to get home to her friends, as she believed she thought the seeing them, and her native air, would recover her.

I felt the most poignant regret at leaving a house where I had been so often received with the most flattering marks of regard. I lingered for some moments before I could pass the threshold of the door, as if still hoping to hear the step of some of my friends descending the stairs, or to hear their well-known cheerful voices bidding me welcome; and when I was again in the street, I felt as if all my hopes were at an end for ever.—“She is ill—she is ill!” rushed across my mind every instant with increased

creased anguish; " she is ill, and I may meet her no more."

The accounts which I had received of her were so unsatisfactory, that I determined to call on Miss Danby immediately, in the hope that from her I might hear something on which I might depend; but unfortunately she was gone to spend the evening out, and I was so uneasy and anxious, that I determined to call on Mrs. Alsop, in hopes of learning something from her. This was my last resource, and certainly I felt the most extreme repugnance to converse with a person about Marian who could dislike her; but it was the only way in which it appeared probable I should this night be able to receive any information. I was told she was dressing, and would be down presently. After waiting for about half-an-hour, Mrs. Alsop made her appearance; she received me in her usual

usual forbidding manner, and mentioned that she was going to a card-party, at the house of a very charming Portuguese family, with whom she had lately got acquainted, who were indeed excellent people, and very religious. I asked her whether she could give me any information about the Fairfields?

“ I know little about them; they were very stupid odd kind of methodistical people,” returned she, “ and I have got a very pleasant neighbour in the house in which they lived—Mrs. Melicent, a sweet woman, a little nervous to be sure, but understands whist uncommonly well: perhaps I shall meet her to-night.”

“ But,” again asked I, “ can you tell me why the Fairfields left Lisbon? and whether they mean to return?”

“ Oh, it was a whim of Miss Marian’s, for she is always taking up some whim or other—she is always good or sick. I,  
for

for my part, don't think she was what you could call very ill—she was rather thin, but I believe it was natural to her, and I am sure her cough was entirely habit. I am sure I wish I had such a constitution as hers; she must be as strong as a horse to be able to sit for hours leaning over her reading-desk—I am sure it would be no wonder if her chest was affected; and that crazy Cowper, that she was evermore poring over—I am sure it would have put me into my grave in three months——”

“ But, madam,” interrupted I, “ can you tell me, will they return to Lisbon?”

“ To tell you the truth, Mr. St. Lawrence,” returned she, “ I never asked them. If Miss Fairfield takes it into her head, I suppose they will, for I believe she tyrannizes over the whole family.”

“ Heavens, madam!” said I, “ how can you speak so of a creature——”

“ Oh,

“ Oh, very well! very well! to be sure—to be sure!” interrupted Mrs. Alsop; “ and now, if you please, I must go to my party.”

To enter into any argument with Mrs. Alsop, even about Marian, never entered my mind a second time; she was too prejudiced to attend to facts, and too ill-bred to value the feelings of another. I left her, more disgusted with her than ever, and as far from learning any thing of the Fairfields as I had been before my interview with her had taken place.

The next morning I called on Miss Danby.—“ Oh,” said she, “ I am delighted to see you, for I have so much to tell you—I’m sure I’ll make you laugh. I’ll begin with general V——; it’s excellent.”

“ Tell me,” said I, “ something of Marian Fairfield in the first instance.”

“ She is gone to England: but I thought you corresponded?”

“ I have heard from her but three times since I left Lisbon, and it is nearly two months since I received her last letter.”

“ Yes,” said Miss Danby, “ about that time she began to look less well, and her cough grew very troublesome. She had a very strong wish to return to England: her brother got leave of absence, and he and Mrs. Fairfield accompanied her about a month since. By the bye, what could have induced you to write that letter to general V——?” (I felt my blood rush to my face as Miss Danby asked me this question.) “ It was very ill judged; I wish you had consulted Alick, and he’d certainly have advised you not to commit yourself—not that I am the least surprised at your being vexed at the way Raymond went on. He’s a very ridiculous person, but *not* uncommonly diverting, though Alick tells me he was very ludicrous on the  
the

the march : but it was not wise of you, my good friend, to write to general V—, knowing particularly that he was desperately in love with Mrs. Villiers.”

“ Has he then betrayed my confidence to her ? ” exclaimed I, rising. “ By Heaven ! no man shall do so with impunity.”

“ Be calm, my good friend, and I will tell you all. The general is not to blame so much ; and, at all events, he is your superior officer. I’ll tell you all I know—I had it from Miss D’Erinsay. The general is very subject to a complaint in his head—a kind of dizziness, which is accompanied by such a mist before his eyes, that he can make very little use of his sight. While at Mrs. Villiers’s one day, he was attacked in this manner, and obliged to establish himself at her villa for a few days. Mrs. Villiers would not hear of his returning to town till he was quite recovered, and he



did not find it very difficult to yield in this respect to the wishes of a woman with whom he was desperately in love, and who had every appearance of returning his passion. She read all his letters of business for him, and wrote all his notes in her beautiful hand, which certainly is very like copperplate. Well, it happened, while the romance was going on charmingly, that certain dispatches arrived from the army; she was one of the first persons who heard of the battle of Talavera—by the way, that same victory, as it was called, to the best of my opinion—But it's no matter, you are all come home safe. Well, after she read colonel Osborne's letter, she saw one directed (I am sure she knew it) by you, and opening it, she glanced over it, and in reading it a second time to the general, made herself completely mistress of every word it contained, for she has a great memory."

"And

"And did general V—— suffer her to peruse it?" inquired I.

"When he found the tendency of your letter, he bid her lay it by, and that he would read it when he got better. She assured him that, from having looked over it, to make out the handwriting, she was acquainted with its contents, which were safe with her. And what did the treacherous creature do?—came off to Lisbon when the general left her, and told every creature she knew of the affair, representing you as the vilest monster, and exaggerating the whole business so much, that she has raised the greatest prejudice against you. I assure you I have had several hard-fought battles on my hands for you, for I have been your decided champion. I always tell them, when it comes to the worst, that I hope most sincerely you may succeed in getting Raymond turned out of the regiment, for that he is one of the

most tiresome persons I know. I really think so—so does Alick; we want a name for him very badly—we must all consult.”

Every word Miss Danby uttered added to my vexation, and the light manner in which she seemed to consider what was to me a matter of the greatest importance shocked my feelings. I was fixed to my chair, and unable to interrupt her by a single question or observation.

“ You really look quite miserable,” cried she: “ do now cheer up, and we’ll go to something more diverting presently; and as to that spiteful creature, who has done every thing to injure your character because you would not fall in love with and marry her, we’ll revenge ourselves on her yet—I have thought of an excellent plan: but her going to Marian I think worse of than any thing else she did.”

An

An exclamation of horror now escaped me, as I threw myself back on the chair.

“Good Heavens!” repeated she, “did you not know it?”

“No, no, no!” exclaimed I, in agony: “but tell me all—let me know the extent of my misfortune, for this suspense is worse than any thing.”

“I met her one morning,” said Miss Danby, “as I was walking up stairs to see Marian: she looked flurried, and rather pleased. ‘She has been about some mischief,’ thought I; and when I entered the room, I found Marian pale and trembling, and more angry than I thought she could be. She had grown to like me very well since you left Lisbon, for I saw her constantly, and paid her every attention in my power.”

“Thank you! thank you!” exclaimed I.

“Well, I was very glad I had gone to her, for she had no one to speak to,

and I coaxed her to tell me what had affected her so much. She told me that Mrs. Villiers had represented you in the most shocking light to her—had said that, to gratify the basest envy, you had vilified your friend, and even endangered his life, and, as far as in you lay, ruined his prospects. I soon made Marian perceive how improbable it was that you should envy Raymond; indeed, I think him too tiresome—*too much of the good sort of a man*, for any one to envy: but however, the artful Mrs. Villiers contrived to steal your letter from the general, and shewed it to Marian. It now began to make a good deal of noise in Lisbon, particularly with the ladies of the regiment, who had nothing else to talk of: but poor Marian really took it to heart; she looked very pale and very sad, and could not bear to see any one, fearing they would speak to her on the subject. I really felt quite melancholy

choly after I had taken leave of her the day she sailed. She kissed me, and said—the first time she had alluded to the state of her health to me—‘ I am going to die at my own home—to see my dear mother and sisters before I leave this world.’ You look very much grieved, St. Lawrence—I do feel for you; but matters are not so bad as they seem—a little time will blunt the shock Marian’s feelings have received, and her return to her friends will divert her thoughts: she did not appear to me by any means dangerously ill.”

“ Ah!” said I, “ but she will never see me again, or if she does, it will be only to upbraid—to tell me she despises me!”

“ No,” said Miss Danby, “ she loves you sincerely—this I could discern to the very last; and she is of such a mild disposition, and has such forbearing principles, that I know she will make every

allowance for the indiscretion of a fellow-creature; and that too the indiscretion of the very person who is dearest to her on earth."

This a little soothed my feelings; but I could not help saying—"Surely I do not deserve such mildness, as to have my guilt considered merely as indiscretion?"

"Why," asked she, "did not you believe what you communicated to general V——?"

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"Oh, then, pray don't lean so hardly on yourself; every thing will soon be in a better state than at present."

"The Fairfields then," said I, "do not, I suppose, return to Lisbon?"

"Mr. Fairfield must, to his regiment," answered she; "Mrs. Fairfield will probably stay with Marian till she is recovered.—Well, now I must tell you some of my own vexations. I don't know

know how to manage about donna Olivia, now that Alick's come back; I'm afraid I shall be forced to live with her, which is, beyond all sort of comparison, the greatest annoyance in the world. My good uncle would be very well pleased if I'd take up my abode with him; but to tell you the truth, he's a little cropy, and I should not like to be cooped up, trying to keep him in good-humour when he was in a fit of the gout: he's laughable enough, but he can't bear to see one laugh at any thing; he always thinks it's at himself. Now, what can I do?—Won't you advise me?"

"Pardon me," returned I; "all that you have told me incapacitates me from advising, or conversing on any subject, and I must leave you."

"Well," said she, "I knew Wilkes, or some good-natured friend, would tell you all, so I thought it best to be before



them. Let me see you very soon, for I have at least five hundred and fifty-nine things to tell you."

## CHAPTER V.

\*\*\*\*\*

Oh, torture me no more !—I will confess !

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

Treacherous man !

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me : now I dare not say

I have one friend alive.

SHAKESPEARE.

“ TROTH it's no wonder, avourneen,”  
said Dermot, as I entered my room,  
“ that you should look fretted, for I never  
seen a more beautiful young lady, and  
as mild and as innocent as the lamb ; but  
I always consate that the best are taken  
—and raison enough I have to think it,  
since

since the master wint. But at any rate, it's to heaven she'll go; she'll be happier nor ever she'd be in this sorrowful world."

Dermot's presages of the death of Marian struck mournfully on my heart. I let him exhaust himself before I spoke; I then directed him not to admit any one to me for the remainder of the day.

"The remainder of the day!" said he: "why, Master Hinry, won't you go to Miss——"

"No, Dermot," replied I; "I'll not stir out again to-day."

"Well, you'll let me get you a tiny bit of something for your dinner?"

I assured him that I could not eat.

"The Lord love you!" said he; "don't let yourself down: we'll soon get home, maybe. We gave the Frinch one proper baitin; and I think it would be no disgrace to go look after the mistis. I'll be bound it would do Miss Marian more  
good

good nor all the doctors in England, to see you again: poor sowl! they tell me she never held up her head since the day we left it, and that she'd sigh as if her very heart would burst. I'm sure I wish there was no such thing as sodgerin; many's the sorrowful heart it laves—many's the crature it laves without a bit, cold and naked. And how must they feel when they see the rejoicins? Mustn't they think of their dead brothers, or fathers, or husbands?—mustn't, their very hearts ache at the rejoicins?—mustn't it kill them to see the fatherless babe in their arms? Ogh, musha! musha! will ever the time come, when there will be no more sodgerin?"

Dermot's lamentation, if possible, increased the melancholy which I felt. Fortunate would it have been for me, had melancholy been the prevailing sentiment of my mind; other feelings, still more painful, occupied every moment:

shame

shame and remorse for what I had done—the fear of beholding Marian changed in her sentiments and manners towards me, and the still more agonizing dread of never beholding her again—Raymond discarding me, his family despising me, and my dear, my poor mother, blushing for the son who was once the pride of her life!

The day wore away in these afflicting reflections, and the restless anxiety I felt to know how it would all end. I was at length roused by hearing a very gentle tap at my door. On my inquiring who was there, I was answered in so low a voice that I could not distinguish whose it was; but concluding it was Dermot, I opened the door, which I had fastened, to prevent any one's coming in to me.

“It's only I,” said Wilkes, staring me in the face; “I wanted to know how you were, and also whether you had  
had

had seen general V—— since we arrived here?"

Having answered him, he continued —“ Didn't you write to him from Talavera or Oropesa—or maybe it was from Badajos, to tell him of Raymond's being so—I don't know what to call it—but meeting that wicked-looking Spaniard, that some of us thought was a spy, you know, and being so glad when he heard the French were coming, and a great many other queer things?"

I now answered Wilkes in such a manner as I thought must, even to his slow perception, ~~shew~~ how much displeased I was with his impertinent curiosity; but he seemed totally unconscious of it.

“ I'll tell you now, what makes me very anxious to know. I would not for any thing you had mentioned about the family of C——; at any rate my name: you know I told you I did not believe

believe one word that I had been told about him. I am sure he is quite loyal, and the C——s are a charming family—I am almost sure they never liked the French. I am going to a party there this evening with the Fillagrees—I am not sure whether it will be a dance. I am told the Sandfords will be there. Now, I am sure, if they were disaffected, colonel Sandford would not go there himself, or allow his daughters. I am sure I would be very sorry to say one word against them, for I am certain they are excellent people; and I suppose you did not think seriously of any thing I said to you of them? and above all things, I am positive you did not make use of my name to general V——?”

I was so provoked, that I gave him an angry answer, and shut the door in his face. He continued outside for some moments, imploring that I would not be affronted with him, for that it was  
out

out of friendship to me that he had come. At length, though not receiving an answer, he concluded his peace was made, and tripped down stairs with a step as light as his heart.

I felt the greatest dread of seeing any one, convinced as I was that my conduct was known to all Lisbon. What plan to pursue I could not devise—the only one which seemed to be desirable was the exchanging into some regiment serving in India; but the idea of thus in a manner separating myself from Marian for ever, and deserting my mother, made me dismiss it as a most unadvisable scheme. Often did I wish, in the bitterness of my heart, that I had fallen at Talavera—"Then at least," sighed I, "I should have died regretted—I should have found my grave with those gallant heroes who are remembered by their friends with pride. But, alas! mine is a different fate! In one fatal



fatal moment of passion, I forfeited every thing dear to me—my own good opinion—the esteem of my friends—the respect of my brothers in arms—the love of Marian; and the hopes which my mother has so fondly cherished during her sorrowful widowhood I have crushed for ever!”

Thoughts such as these haunted me during the night; and in the morning, when I arose, I felt, if possible, more miserable than the preceding day.

The shock I had received on hearing of Marian's departure and illness, and the cause of both, had stunned my senses at first; and not till now did I feel fully conscious of the misery of my situation. With my punishment, the conviction of Raymond's innocence took possession of my mind, and I mentally confessed, that had he even been guilty, I should have been the last in the world to accuse him.

My agonizing reflections were at  
length

length broken in on by my being told that colonel Sandford wished to speak to me on very particular business, but that, if I preferred calling on him at his own house, he would await me at whatever hour I should appoint.

The truth instantly rushed on my mind, that he was come to upbraid me with my treacherous conduct to Raymond. I would have put off seeing him, for I felt as if even a few moments' delay would have been a relief to me: but the idea of seeing Mrs. and Miss Sandford, were I to appoint to meet him at home, determined me to have the interview over at once.

The expression of his countenance, and the coldness of his manner, at once denoted the displeasure which he felt towards me; and the confusion of my looks and address must have shewn him that I was conscious that I deserved it.

“ Let

“ Let us be seated,” said he, “ for I have much to say.”

I sat down, and waited with considerable agitation for what was to follow.

“ That I mistook you much, Mr. St. Lawrence, was not strange: the strong attachment which I bore to your father—the esteem and the veneration which I felt for your mother, made me form a hasty judgment respecting your disposition: there was indeed a person who often endeavoured to persuade me that you indulged the basest of feelings, but I believed her unjust and prejudiced.”

“ That person,” thought I, “ can be no other than Miss Sandford.”

“ I encouraged you to enter the army, and I have since deeply regretted it. I thought you would have been an ornament to it—and I have been widely mistaken.”

I felt my heart sicken at every word  
he

he spoke, and I listened as one who acquiesced in all he advanced.

"You have," said he, "laid a formal and a terrible charge against a brother-officer, and that brother-officer the companion of your childhood, and the friend of your youth. Take care, young man, what grounds you have had for such a charge. You have never gone to Raymond, and told him your suspicions, that he might have disarmed them, or, if they were founded, that he might have confessed, on the bosom of friendship, his errors, and abjured them for ever. No—you served under the same colours, met at the same table, conversed as if nothing had happened, and were considered as steady friends by the whole regiment——"

"This is too, too much!" interrupted I, quite overcome by my emotion.

"It is *not too much*," resumed colonel Sandford: "it was not too much, that  
Raymond

Raymond was to return, after enduring the fatigues of a hazardous campaign, to find his character injured—his prospects ruined—nay, his life itself threatened! This has all burst upon him like a clap of thunder; but, thank Heaven! these base attempts will prove abortive. No, nothing on earth will persuade him that you were his accuser; nor, I am convinced, will he believe it till he actually sees you rise in judgment against him."

"Oh never, never shall he see me do so!" exclaimed I.

"Be not so certain," returned colonel Sandford: "it is his desire that an inquiry shall be made into his conduct, as there has been an accusation made against him; and if sufficient grounds appear, that he shall be brought to a court-martial."

"My dear, dear sir," exclaimed I, seizing his hands, "for Heaven's sake, prevent this terrible misfortune!"

"It

“ It cannot be done,” replied he; “ the whole affair is well known in Lisbon, and has been much talked of for some time. Raymond is anxious to have it cleared up as quickly as possible: it is my wish too, that no time should be lost in establishing his innocence; it is possible he may, at no very distant time, be united to my family by the closest connexion; I must therefore feel particularly anxious about his reputation. And now, Mr. St. Lawrence, for your charges against him: it is right that he should be made acquainted with them, that he may be prepared to bring evidence forward to set them aside.”

With the most heartfelt penitence—with the most undisguised regret and remorse, I disclosed all that I had magnified into Raymond's guilt, but which now appeared to me unsubstantial and trifling. My anguish and repentance seemed to have little effect on colonel

Sandford, and I plainly saw that I had lost his good opinion for ever.

“It is a serious thing,” returned colonel Sandford, “to found such an accusation upon mere suspicion, and against a friend of fair unblemished character. To Raymond it can henceforth signify but little what your opinion of him is; therefore it is not on that account that I am going to enter into an explanation with you—no, it is because I would have you never tamper with the reputation of a brother-officer.

“When Raymond left Lisbon, Dora promised that she would miss no opportunity of writing to him. She happened to hear, at the Pintors, of a Spanish peasant who was proceeding to Madrid, his native place; she entrusted him with a letter for Raymond, and he left Lisbon only two days after the army. As he was travelling, the very evening before he reached the army, he saw a parcel,

cel, half-concealed under some branches on the road. He took it up, in the hope it contained some treasure; but, on examination, found it was a number of tri-coloured cockades, which might have been concealed by some person favourable to the French on the approach of the British army. He took the parcel with him, and delivered it, with Dora's letter, to Raymond. When Raymond read in that letter, that Mrs. Sandford and I wished their marriage to be deferred for a year or two, and repeated to himself, that he must endeavour to bring us over, he little imagined that his words were treasured up, to be brought forward by his supposed friend, to prove his intention of inciting the soldiers to desertion."

"Oh," said I, "my fault—my crime, has been great; but my punishment is severe."

My distress seemed totally lost on



colonel Sandford, who left me immediately after he had given me his opinion of my conduct.

## CHAPTER VI.

~~~~~

Oh, it is monstrous! monstrous!—

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

My shame and guilt confound me.

SHAKESPEARE.

“I AM very miserable,” said I, the morning on which the court of inquiry was to be held on Raymond—“I am very miserable! This day will for ever sink me in the opinion of those who have been my companions for many months—I shall become an outcast from society—no affection shall sooth my misery—no compassion lighten my remorse.”

I had scarcely uttered these words,

when I traced my mother's writing on the direction of a letter which was just put into my hands. I gazed intently on the superscription for some moments, then putting it to my lips, and kissing it with fervour, I ejaculated—"Yes, she will love me in spite of all!" My tears now began to trickle down, on the only thing from which I had derived a particle of consolation; nor did they cease to flow as I read the following:—

"Thank Heaven, my own dear child, I have just received the happy news, that the heroes of Talavera are safely arrived at Lisbon! My Henry has escaped, and I may expect to see him again! But I have had no letter since you left Badajos. I trust the march did not prove too fatiguing for you. Let me hear from you immediately on receipt of this. Tell me the minutest circumstance

circumstance relative to yourself, and that dear friend whose presence must be so gratifying to you. It will please you, my dear son, to hear that the attentions of his father and mother to me are unremitting. They never receive a line from him without hurrying over to read it to me; and how can I describe to you the emotion which these letters never fail to raise, for they are filled with the most generous and ardent praises of my Henry.

“ The weather is becoming fine, and the spring beginning to clothe the garden. The snowdrops and crocuses are already in blow. I spend much of my time among my plants. Something tells me I shall enjoy part of my summer with you. I could wish the sweet Marian, whom you have made me already love, was to be of our party; but I look forward to being personally acquainted with her at no very distant

period.—Farewell, my beloved and only child !”

I read this letter over twenty times. I seemed to court the bitterness which it added to my regret.—“ Little does my mother know the misery in which her letter has found her unfortunate son.”

The period at which the court of inquiry took place was in about six weeks after we reached Lisbon ; it had been postponed till the return of general V—— from Cintra. It ended of course in a manner the most honourable for Raymond, and the most gratifying to his friends. The young officers, when it was concluded, gave three loud cheers for Raymond, and crowded about him to offer their congratulations.

Colonel Osborne and major Macleod were rejoiced beyond measure at the termination of the affair. They all expressed

pressed their displeasure in very strong terms against me, not only for my conduct to Raymond, but also for my having attempted to throw a slur upon the British arms; for they all exclaimed, that treason had never been once known to enter our ranks while our troops were serving in the Peninsula; and it was evident that the momentary possession which the French had obtained of part of the height at Talavera could not have been effected by treachery, for the same troops who had lost the ground recovered it almost instantly by their gallantry. Their shouts of triumph for Raymond appeared like the most bitter reproaches to me. Some of the soldiers lit a bonfire before the house in which Raymond lived; I had the mortification of beholding it. He, however, with the delicacy which so peculiarly belonged to his character, made them extinguish it as soon as possible. Every moment I

was suffering the punishment I so justly merited : my acquaintances, when we met, either affected not to see me, or saluted me so coldly, that I perceived the contempt in which I was held. No one wished to be seen with me in the street, and I thought there was something in the manners even of the common soldiers, which shewed a complete want of confidence in me. I took up my pen with an intention of writing to Marian. I began my letter twenty times, but being unable to proceed with it, I determined to lay it aside for the present, and to address my mother. I spent at least two hours before I was able to complete a very few lines, which I wrote to her, merely to say I was perfectly well.

Dermot looked sadly at me, and often expressed his fears that I was ill. I was in truth very ill : misery of mind had brought on a nervous fever, which

soon

soon deprived me of my strength and reason. During this tedious illness, for I relapsed twice, my poor Dermot watched by me with the tenderest solicitude. He has often recalled my wandering senses by his mournful lamentations over me.—“And shall I have to bear my young master’s corpse to his own home? Ohone! why did I live to see the day? And the poor mistis, the Lord comfort her! for it’s she that’s the desolate crature, and might be proud to lie down under the sod. If she was not the best in the wide world, she might have been at pace long enough ago, but she strove and struggled, and kept up a heart, in spite of all her trials. Oh, musha! musha! it’s over her that the angels watch! Oh, master Hinry! master Hinry! it kills me to hear you romance this way. Try and come to yourself, dear! Oh! it’s enough to melt the heart of a stone! and it all comes

along of fretting. Them Fairfields might as well have waited for us to go home with them."

Dermot was interrupted by the appearance of Wilkes, who was most attentive and kind to me during this illness—indeed, he and the Danbys were the only people who felt any interest about me. My second relapse was brought on by an incident which occurred when Wilkes thought me completely out of danger, and even that I might leave my room in a few days. I had observed, from the time when recollection returned, that I was constantly supplied with a quantity of the finest fruit I had ever seen, still better than any I had procured since my residence in Lisbon.—“Where do you get it, Dermot,” said I, “for it is the nicest I ever saw?”

“Troth, honey,” replied he, “I’m not after gettin it at all, but a tight little gassoon

gassoon brings a basket brimful every other mornin."

"And who does he bring it from?" inquired I.

"Sure enough that's the very thing I'm askin him day after day, and never could get him to spake out; but this mornin, by the fair dint of coaxin, I got it out of him; and who should it be in the varsal world but Mr. Raymond himself, who bid him, upon his peril, never to tell mortal."

I felt myself sicken as Dermot spoke, and my head became so giddy, that I was obliged to get him to assist me to my bed, which I did not leave for another fortnight.

It was more than two months from the commencement of my illness till I was able to leave my room.

CHAPTER VII.



—————Oh now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue ! Oh farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war !

SHAKESPEARE.

My strength began to return but slowly, and my spirits continued so low, that I could not see any one. Mr. Danby often sent to offer to sit with me, but this I declined, alleging that I was not

yet sufficiently well to allow of my admitting him.

While I was yet in this state of bodily debility and mental despondency, colonel Sandford came to me. I cannot describe the sensation which I felt as he entered my room. The palpitation of my heart was so violent, that it was some moments before I could reply to his inquiries respecting my health.

He tried to shew some kindness in his manner, but I could plainly see that it was not without effort. I think my penetration was particularly keen immediately after this illness: I used to discern, or perhaps to imagine I discerned, what those with whom I conversed thought of me.

I felt much pained by the presence of colonel Sandford, but endeavoured to recover my composure. Colonel Sandford told me that Wilkes had mentioned to colonel Osborne that he thought
I ought

I ought to be permitted to visit my native country on leave of absence, as change of air and change of scene were absolutely necessary for the restoration of my health.

I listened to what colonel Sandford said with a degree of apathy. I was now totally indifferent to my destination—a state, perhaps, the most deplorable that anguish can produce.

“It is my opinion,” said colonel Sandford, “that it would be useful to you to return to England and see your friends.”

I fixed my eyes mournfully on him, and said—“I believe they are dead.” This idea had taken such forcible possession of my mind during my illness, that I had scarcely a doubt of the fact.

Colonel Sandford now appeared shocked, as he said—“No, they are not indeed!”

I made no answer, and he plainly saw that
that

that I was convinced of the truth of what I asserted.

“ I have had a letter from your mother.”

“ From my mother !” exclaimed I :
“ does she then indeed live ?”

“ And she enclosed these few lines for you.”

I took her short letter, and read as follows :—

“ MY DEAREST HENRY,

“ You have been ill, and I could not be near you to watch over you : however, I know Dermot’s attention must have been unremitting. Would it not be possible for you, my son, to quit the army ? It is a profession which I always thought ill calculated for you ; and the plea of your health being delicate would be a sufficient reason for your giving up altogether

gether a life of so much fatigue. Consult with colonel Sandford, and he will tell you what is best to be done."

After I had read my mother's letter I remained silent; nor would I have spoken, but that colonel Sandford called my attention by addressing me on the subject which seemed to engross my mother's mind so much.

"You see," said he, "what your mother thinks. She has written to me to the same effect, and I think her scheme a most sensible one. It ought to be your first object to quit the army: the circumstances which should impel you to do so are very powerful, and perhaps at no other period would you have an opportunity of leaving the service with so little discredit to yourself. Your reputation for courage will remain untarnished—the part you took at Talavera sufficiently

sufficiently established that. But I cannot deceive you by saying that you can ever make your way in a military life : no, the obstacles to it can never be surmounted. If it appears to you in the same light it does to me, I am ready again to offer my services to you, and will manage the whole business for you."

I readily agreed to all he said. I was fully assured that it was the best and wisest step I could possibly take. My visions of glory and ambition had faded away, and I could not bear the idea of again appearing among my brother-officers, all of whom I felt conscious despised me. I was well aware that if I did exchange into another regiment, the story of my disgrace would go before me, and that there too I would be equally avoided and disliked.

Colonel Sandford undertook to make
all

all the necessary arrangements for me, and took leave of me for the present. He seemed shocked at the situation in which he found me. I believe he also felt some compassion towards me, but the assurance which he gave me of his readiness and anxiety to do any thing for the service of his departed friend's son, proved to me that regard for me had no share in the trouble he was willing to take on my account. My head ached so much, and I was so feverish after this interview, that I was obliged to remain on the bed for the rest of the day.

My mother's letter never left my hand, and I often read it over, for it consoled me by assuring me that she still existed—"And if Marian too yet lives, and will forgive me—oh Heaven! if such a blessing is still in reserve for me!"—I looked on her picture till I felt
a degree

a degree of impatience to behold her again, which I had imagined I was now incapable of feeling on any occasion.

In a few days colonel Sandford called on me to tell me that the whole business was settled, and that he thought I should lose no time in sailing for England.

I fixed upon the Thursday after for my departure, as on that day a vessel was to leave the harbour for England. I felt a severe pang at thus abandoning a life into which I had entered with so much ardour and such high expectations, and seeing those prospects to which I had looked forward with such enthusiastic delight close on me for ever.

I determined that I would see Raymond, if possible, on the night previous to my going on board, and entreat his forgiveness for the injury I had done him. I thought he would not refuse to
pardon

pardon me, for I knew his generous and forgiving disposition, and I felt as if it would sooth my broken spirit more than any thing in the whole world.

To describe the ecstasy of Dermot on hearing that we were to prepare immediately to return to England, far surpasses the power of my pen. He wept and laughed by turns—pictured to himself the delight of my mother on seeing me return, and in his imagination wandered over the grounds to which he, as well as I, felt such a strong local attachment. He was scarcely able to do any thing, even to assist in the necessary preparations for our departure, he was in such a perfect delirium of rapture.

Mr. Danby called to take leave of me, as I had by note requested he would. He looked very ill, and far from happy; however, he did not complain. I thought him, if possible, more satirical than ever. He expressed himself, however, with
great

great kindness towards me, and regretted much that I was leaving the regiment, as he was convinced, he said, that I was almost the only person in it who had more than half a dozen ideas. As he was leaving me, he said his sister hoped I would not leave Lisbon without calling on her. I told him I should wait on her in the evening, the time I had fixed for going out, for I so much dreaded the meeting with my acquaintances, that I purposely deferred walking through the streets of Lisbon till the sun was down.

Wilkes came in to me quite breathless with curiosity, as I was writing a few lines of thanks to him, for his great attention to me during my illness, and telling him that I was to sail for England next day, before when I hoped he would call on me to take leave.

“Is it true,” said he, “you are going?”

I put

I put my unfinished note into his hands in answer.

"I declare you are," said he: "well, this is very right—it will do you good; the voyage will be very bracing: but I am very sorry indeed that you are going to leave the regiment; but to be sure you are very delicate. Well, when I go to England, I'll most certainly go to see you. Has not your mother a very pretty place? How much ground has she?"

I told him I should be always happy to see a person who had shewn me so much kindness at a time when I stood so much in need of it.

"Indeed then I will," continued he. "Do the Fairfields know you are going? I dare say, when I see you again, you will be married, and have a whole house full of children."

To this it was unnecessary to reply,

as Wilkes had intended it less as a question to me than an introduction to what he wished to say concerning himself.

“ Indeed, maybe we will both be married: would not it be very odd? Do you know, Delany and a great many of the officers have given me to Miss Fillagree. I think she is an uncommonly fine girl—but I assure you there is no truth in it. I am sure she would make a very good wife—but then, you know, no one would advise an army surgeon to marry. You know I am a younger son, and unfortunately have no property of my own. The pay is only just enough for one’s-self, and would not do to support a wife and family. But Miss Fillagree is a very managing girl: I declare I think she dresses better, and looks more fashionable, than any woman in the regiment, and yet she does not lay out above half

the money that any one of them does. She makes up all her own things. I declare, I think whoever gets her will be very fortunate."

I expressed my hopes that he would be happy.

"Oh, now," said he, "how you mistake me! I assure you I never thought seriously of Miss Fillagree. You know I cannot afford to marry."

Wilkes ran on in this strain for a considerable time. At length, looking at his watch, he found out that it was time to call on Miss Fillagree, according to appointment, with a new song which he had got for her.

In the evening I muffled myself up, and bent my steps to the house in which Raymond lived. As I went, I thought over all that my feelings prompted me to say to him. I felt my mind more elevated than it had been for a length of time. I was now going to do what
my

my conscience told me was right—to confess my guilt, to assert my penitence, and to entreat forgiveness from one I had so much injured. My heart beat as I entered his dwelling. With a faltering and agitated voice I inquired for Raymond, when I found, to my unutterable mortification, that he was gone on a party to Cintra for a fortnight. My heart died within me as I received this intelligence, and I traced my steps back to my own dwelling, which I could not sufficiently recover myself to leave for a considerable time, to wait on Miss Danby.

“Oh, are you come at last?” said she, as I entered her apartment. “I was afraid you were going to cheat me, and to steal off without letting me see you, you creature! You look very poorly—I have some excellent coffee ready, which I think will do you good; but, by the bye, I have a piece of news to

tell you, which I believe will be better than any thing. Marian Fairfield is better—so much better, that her brother is returning to Lisbon. I have had a letter this very day from Mrs. Fairfield, in answer to one I wrote to inquire for Marian. And now,” continued she, laying her hand on my arm, “I believe I have done you more good in one minute than Wilkes and his entire medicine-chest could do you in three months.”

She then read me a passage or two from Mrs. Fairfield’s letter. I would have given the world to have been permitted to read them over a thousand times. They confirmed what Miss Danby told me, and I felt my heart lightened of part of the weight which oppressed it.

“Do you know,” continued she, “my fate is decided? I go to live with poor Alick, for he protests he should die
without

without me, the donna is so disagreeable and tiresome. I cannot disappoint the poor fellow, though really it is a most deadly thing. I should have decided in favour of my poor cross old uncle, but that Alick was so urgent in his entreaties. I am sure I'll get into some scrape, for not to laugh at the P——s is utterly impossible, and they are so touchy, that they will be furious if they perceive it. Now, is not my situation very awkward?"

I advised her to make a resolution not to laugh at them.

"No, no!" returned she, "I have no mind to perjure myself, for I know I could no more look in their ugly black phizzes without laughing, than I could fly up to the moon. The bare idea of preserving my gravity towards them has never once entered into my speculation. It would be far too romantic a notion

for me, I assure you. I wish to Heaven Wilkes had married donna Olivia!"

At this wish she laughed immoderately.

"There is something irresistibly ludicrous in the idea," said she. "I see little Wilkes sneaking by her side, and she looking down on him with the most sovereign disdain, scarcely condescending to articulate even a monosyllable, and he chattering away in his little droll confidential manner. But he's paying his devoirs at present to Miss Fillagree. I hope sincerely it may be a match. I am sure, if ever one laughed in their life, it would be at them."

I mentioned that from his manner of speaking of Miss Fillagree, I did imagine that he admired her very much.

"Oh, very much," returned she; "he is what he supposes desperately in love with her—that is, he holds his hands
for

for her to fasten the silk which she is going to unroll on. He constantly runs the risk of losing a finger or thumb in her service, by the rapid approach of a pair of sharp scissars to an invisible point in some gauze or tiffany, which takes its rise from her own hand, and then loses itself between said finger and thumb. Besides all this, he threads her needles, and lifts up her thimble every time it drops. Now, if this be not love, I do not know what is. Do you know, I have serious thoughts of changing his name from Tattle to Fribble; but I am not quite determined."

Miss Danby went on from one subject of ridicule to another, with so much rapidity and vivacity, that it was evident her spirits had not suffered by the prospect of her residence with donna Olivia. Her gaiety was quite overcoming to my spirits, which were so exceedingly low, that, but for the intelligence she gave

me relative to Marian, I believe I should have been quite incapable of remaining with her for ten minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.
~~~~~

Oh, happy shades! to me unblest,  
    Friendly to peace, but not to me—  
How ill the scene that offers rest,  
    And heart that cannot rest, agree!

—   —   —   —   —

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,  
    While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs.  
Her animating smile withdrawn,  
    Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

COWPER.

It was a lovely morning in the beginning of May, when I, accompanied by Dermot, went on board the ship which

was to bear me to my native shore. I looked with regret at the city I had just left.—“Lisbon,” thought I, “I now behold you for the last time!” A painful recollection of all I had suffered there, and the remembrance, which was scarcely less melancholy, of the happiness I had there once enjoyed, occupied my mind till long after Lisbon had faded from my view for ever, and the clouds and the mists, which imagination taught to assume the form of some well-known building of that city, were completely lost in the obscurity of night.

I now directed my thoughts towards home—that home which was inexpressibly dear to me—where I had enjoyed so many peaceful, so many cheerful days, before I had been guilty to the degree which I now was. I sighed over the painful task I had to perform, in telling my mother of all that had lately happened. The idea too of the probability  
there

there was of my meeting Raymond's father and mother, made my heart sink. The uncertainty in which I was respecting Marian, and the sentiments she would hold towards me after I should see her, were so involved in doubt, that my spirits did not improve with the prospect of reaching home, though my strength certainly did, owing, in a great measure, to the voyage.

We landed, and I determined to proceed directly to my mother, and having seen her, to go to the Fairfields' place, in Essex—if possible have an interview with Marian, and endeavour to make my peace with her. But I had the greatest horror of seeing, or being seen, by any of Raymond's family; I determined, therefore, that I would not take the direct road to my mother's, but when I got within a few miles, cut through a path made by the fields.

The day was uncommonly beautiful,



and the season enchanting. The trees were bursting into flower, and still retained that feathery appearance which so peculiarly belongs to the early season of the year. The air was scented by the most fragrant odours from the fields and lawns, and the flowering shrubs which adorned the plantations. As we passed along, all was happy and cheerful without; but within, in my own almost-broken heart, all was sad and cheerless; and more than once the beautiful prospect, and the enlivening sounds of rural life, drew tears to my eyes: my own situation seemed more deplorable when contrasted with the peaceful and happy scenery around.

Dermot, too, frequently drew his hand across his eyes; but his tears were very different from mine—he wept from joy, and often mingled his exultations with his tears.

“Who thought we’d ever have had  
the

the look to come back the time the Frinch were cuttin us to pieces? But it's we that gave them the proper baitin."

This was repeated at every inn, with the addition, very frequently, of his master's being a very great captain, and one that fought *harder and stouter* than ere a one in his majesty's service.

"Poor Dermot!" thought I sometimes, on overhearing him, "I must forgive the partiality which makes you exaggerate so much."

When we arrived at the inn which was the last we were to meet, I determined to remain till about five o'clock (it was now about two), and to take a chaise for about four miles, and then to walk the remaining three, which, owing to my weak state, I should be obliged to do but slowly, by which means I hoped to avoid all danger of meeting any of the Raymond family, as I calculated  
that

that about the time I arrived at my mother's would be their tea-hour.

The three hours which I passed at the inn were indeed irksome in the extreme; but the impatience which I felt to throw myself into the arms of my mother was damped by the dread of entering the neighbourhood of Raymond's father and mother.

At last five o'clock came, and I set out. I felt the most uneasy sensations during the drive; and, I do believe, imagined every possible misfortune and vexation which could befall mortal.

At length the carriage stopped, and having alighted, I struck down the path which leads to the back of my mother's dwelling. But I had still three miles to go. I was followed by Dermot, as I thought it much the wisest plan not to let him out of my sight till we reached home, as I was well aware that by some  
unfortunate

unfortunate blunder he might do something which would defeat the very plan that I was so anxious should succeed—the reaching home without even hearing the name of Raymond.

Dermot never expressed the least surprise at my having chosen to walk instead of proceeding in the chaise; he merely expressed his uneasiness lest it would be too much for me.

At length we could discern the steeple of the neighbouring church, which Dermot greeted with the warmest welcome; and in a very few moments after, some of our own tall trees were distinguishable from the woods which surrounded them.

“There, thank Heaven!” exclaimed Dermot, “is the grove. Musha! it’s I that am glad to see it.”

Every moment some well-known object appeared in sight; and at length  
every

every thing became more distinct. We could see part of the house, the lawn, and the shrubberies; and soon the flowers and blossoms seemed to welcome my approach by filling the air with their perfume.

“ Here is the best way of getting into the field beside the lawn, master Hinry,” said Dermot, climbing up, and sliding down a rustic gate.

I was obliged to pause for some moments, my agitation was so great. When I was able to proceed, I followed Dermot's steps, and, more dead than alive, came in sight of the glass-door which fronted the lawn, and opened to the room in which my mother generally sat.

Impatience to behold her, and to throw myself on her mercy, impelled me hastily on; but the door was shut, nor could Dermot or I open it.

“ The

“ The mistis has locked it, sure enough,” said Dermot :. “ we’d better step round to the great hall-door.”

We reached it in a moment. I felt the severest pang when I beheld, on the lower windows, bills placed for the disposal of the house.

“ Oh Heavens!” thought I, “ my guilt has brought the severest affliction on my poor dear mother! This little place, that she loved so much, and so often declared she would never part with, she is obliged to leave on my account—its vicinity to the Raymonds, whom I have so much wronged.”

The whole truth rushed upon my imagination at once.

Dermot stood pale and trembling, and without speaking, pointed to the bills. I knocked several times at the door before it was answered. At length I heard a slow heavy step advance, and the bolt was undrawn in a few moments;

ments ; but the key was not turned till we had replied that we were friends, to the inquiry of who we were.

The door opened, and Wilson stood before us.

“ My mother,” said I, my voice almost stifled by emotion—“ my mother—where shall I find her ?”

Without waiting for an answer, I was proceeding to search the apartments for her, when Wilson, who had been struck dumb by my sudden appearance, at length spoke.—“ My mistress has left this here part of the country, and has taken lodgings in——”

“ Impossible !”

“ Ah ! troth,” said Dermot, “ my heart misgave me when we did not get the *cead mile failte* at the glass-door.”

He then sat down on one of the hall-chairs, and burst into a violent agony of tears. I found myself so afflicted, that I could not listen to his lamentations,  
which

which were violent and touching. I hastened to the parlour, where I was followed by Wilson. I felt horror-struck—I would have given the world to weep, but a relief I so little deserved was denied me.

“When did she go?” exclaimed I.

“About a fortnight since, sir,” returned he; “and my lady left me to take care of the house: as I am quite alone, I locks it up every evening by seven o’clock, for fear of the robbers.”

“Why did she go?” interrupted I, though I too well guessed the cause.

“I believe it was quite a sudden idea of my mistress, at least I heard no talk of it till the day before she went, when she sent for me, to give the house into my charge, and to put the papers upon them there winders.”

“Oh, what a trial it must have been to her!” cried I.

“Yes, sure,” returned he, “she was  
very



very poorly — sadly cast down. The evening before she went, she just walked down the shrubbery, and to the garden-door, and she began to cry, and went in again."

I hastened from one room to another, without knowing what I did, as if in the vain hope of finding my poor afflicted parent.

"She's gone, sure enough!" said Dermot. "It's it that's the altered place. Ogh, was it for this that we went through all the dangers and battles abroad, to come home, and find the mistis gone? Oh, musha! avourneen! our hearts will brake!"

I told Dermot that we must return to the inn from whence we had come directly.

"Oh, master Hinry, how would you go?" said he; "you'd be kilt with the walk, and there are no chaises here, you know."

"Wilson,"

“Wilson,” said I, “is there no way in which we could get on?”

“The horse is out in the field,” returned he, “for my mistress has left it till such time as the place is taken off her hands; and I’ll run and catch him. I think I can borrow Jones’s mare and saddle for Dermot; and I’ll go to the inn at the first light to-morrow for them.”

This being arranged, Wilson hastened to put it into execution.

I went through the gardens, which were in full bloom, and scented the air around with a thousand mingled sweets. My melancholy increased with every step I took. I accused myself as the ungrateful monster who had driven my mother from this little paradise.—“And shall those flowers which she planted be gathered by other hands?” thought I.

I recollected many conversations which I had here held with my mother—many expressions

expressions of kindness and tenderness which I had here heard repeated by lips that never addressed me but with affection. I saw the little garden which she had portioned out for my amusement in my early days, and which, by her direction, had never been altered since. I recollected the pleasure with which I had so often seen her contemplate it, and I turned with a deep sigh, and took the path which leads to the bank overlooking the lake. Here my mother used to love to sit and hear me read. As I approached it, I perceived a hut erected, surrounded by roses and woodbine, and other beautiful and fragrant shrubs.

I remembered I had often expressed a wish for a cottage in this very spot.—“Here then,” thought I, “is another mark of that affection which makes every thing sacred about this, my first and only home.”

I mechanically entered the little building.

ing. I found the following inscription carved on a tree, which served as a post to the door:—

*“ This hut was built in three days, by William Raymond, for Henry St. Lawrence. His pains and his labour will be well repaid, if it gives pleasure to his friend.”*

“ The horses are ready, sir,” said Wilson, entering. “ I hopes you like this here rustic building, sir; I helped Mr. Raymond with it—it was on purpose for you he did it, sir. No hired labourer could have worked harder at it; and he and my mistress planned out the little plantation of shrubs. Mr. Raymond brought most of them out of his own place, and they have done very well indeed.”

With a heavy heart I left the home which I had lost, and of which I had deprived my mother—with a heavy heart

heart I gave a last look at it, and sprung upon my horse.

I rode on in silence, uninterrupted even by Dermot, who never had alluded, even in the most distant manner, to my disgrace, or now seemed to suspect my mother's motive for having changed her place of abode. However, I was sometimes inclined to believe that his silence on the subject was the effect of delicacy, more than ignorance.

However, when we had gone about two miles, his patience was quite exhausted, and he broke the silence—  
“Who'd have thought we'd have been scamperin about the country this way,” said he, “at this hour of the night? and after all our campaignin, to have no home at all to go to, and the mistis livin in a place that's not her own! Sorrow such doins were ever heard of. Poor sowl! to hear the widow woman where she lodges

lodges callin every thing her own—nothin of all she sees belongin to her own self! I'm sure it's enough to make one's heart burst to think it!—she that used to have every thing at her command—Heaven bless her good heart and bountiful hand! It wasn't for the lucre of what she'd give that one would ever think the second time; but she'd give like nobody else in the wide world—she'd give a guinea with as free a hand as a halfpenny, and yet you'd think as much of a halfpenny from her hand as a guinea from any other.”

I felt the justice of Dermot's remark, as I had always observed that grace which he spoke of about all my mother's actions. She conferred the greatest favours with as much ease as the most trifling; and the most trifling became highly valuable from the manner in which they were bestowed.—“ And

it is this gracious creature," thought I, "that is bending beneath the weight of affliction which I have laid on her with a heavy hand."

Filled with these sorrowful reflections, I reached the inn, which, at an early hour the next morning, I left for the widow Harley's house, at —, where I had learned from Wilson my mother had taken lodgings. I determined, if possible, to be with her before the night set in: but though I often urged my drivers to speed, we did not arrive till long after it was completely involved in darkness.

When I alighted at the inn, I was directed to the widow Harley's; and leaving the care of the luggage to Dermot, that I might meet my mother alone, I hastened along.

I reached the house, which appeared to be neat, but so exceedingly small, that  
instantly

instantly I thought—" 'This is not a fit habitation for my mother, who was used to something so different.'"

I paused for a moment before I could enter the house. I saw a light in one of the rooms. I looked through the casement, and beheld my mother seated at a table, reading. Her countenance bore all the traces of sadness. I instantly rushed into her presence. She uttered a faint scream on beholding me, and I received her senseless in my arms. I wept over her, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her pale cold face.

She at length came to her recollection. She returned my warm embrace, and looking mournfully, yet affectionately on me, she exclaimed—" My poor child !" and burst into tears.

I too bathed the hand which I held with my tears, the only tears I had shed for a length of time, mingled with any thing like consolation. The compassion-



ate tenderness of her manner soothed my broken spirit; and I could soon return the smile, which, even more than her words, expressed her gratitude to Heaven that I was returned in safety to her embrace.

“ I have sinned,” cried I, again bursting into tears, “ against Heaven and against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

“ I know it all, my child,” replied she—“ I know it all; but my arms are open to receive my penitent son; for he was dead, but is alive again—he was lost, and is found.”

CHAPTER IX.  
////////

Oh thou, the friend of man assign'd,  
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,  
And charm his frantic woe,  
When first Distress, with dagger keen,  
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,  
His wild unsated foe !

— — — —  
Come, Pity, come !——

COLLINS.

THE consolation which I soon derived from my mother's conversation was greater than I thought I could ever have received. The comfort which she spoke to my afflicted mind originated from a source beyond all human means.

G 3      " Remember,

“Remember, my child,” said she, “if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness; the Lord is long-suffering, and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression—‘His mercy,’ we are told, ‘endureth for ever, and is from everlasting to everlasting.’”

Such assurances of pardon and hope appeared to me too great for a creature guilty as I was, for “mine iniquities were gone over my head; as an heavy burden, they were too heavy for me.”

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, my dear Henry,” would she say to me, as I expressed my terrors to her: “but to doubt His mercy is to deny one of his sublimest attributes; to suppose ourselves too guilty for his forgiveness is to limit his power and disbelieve his promises. It is right that our sin should be ever before us,

us, but let us remember these gracious, these precious words, ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’”

My mother had the satisfaction of seeing that “the words of wisdom” sunk deep into my heart—words whose meaning I had never rightly understood, or lightly passed over in my gayer days. She saw me still grieved, indeed, but no longer in that state of complete despair in which she had found me when we had first met.

When I was sufficiently composed, she told me she had been acquainted by a letter from Mrs. Villiers with my unfortunate situation. Her pretended motive for writing was to prevent my mother’s hearing the circumstance in any sudden manner.

When my mother read the letter, she felt indeed most miserable, and instantly determined on removing to some dis-

tance from Raymond's family, from whom she was receiving every kindness and attention, more painful to her than the most bitter reproaches. She soon settled herself in the lodgings in which I found her.

I could not help looking round with dismay—not indeed on my own account, for all places were indifferent to me in the present frame of my mind, but to see that my mother was obliged to submit to many little privations to which she was unaccustomed. Often did I sigh, as I looked out on the very small garden, which I contrasted in my mind with the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds she had left.

“ I know, Henry, why you sigh, and what you are thinking of,” said she ; “ but this humble dwelling will answer me perfectly well for the present. I cannot incur any expence till—till—I have disposed of my place.”

Her

Her voice faltered as she spoke, but in a moment she recovered herself sufficiently to speak with her usual composure.

Dermot's meeting with her had affected her very much ; he was so overcome by joy at seeing her again—he spoke so of the dangers through which we had passed, and dwelt so feelingly on my illness.

I was more tranquil than I had been since the transaction had taken place which had deprived me of my peace of mind. I even sometimes thought, that if Marian recovered, would pardon me, and consent to give me her hand, and could I obtain Raymond's forgiveness, that I might yet be happy.

It was now my first object to proceed to the Fairfields' place, in Essex, and having seen Marian, return to my mother.

My mother was anxious also that I should depart immediately, as she said —“ From all you have told me of that sweet girl, I know it will be no difficult matter to reconcile her ; and I trust I shall yet call her my daughter : your mind, I know, will be much more tranquil when once you have seen her.”

On the fourth morning after my return to my mother, I bade her adieu, and set out for Essex. When I arrived there, I found, to my mortification, that the family had gone to London about ten days before ; and, to my inexpressible grief, I learned that it was in consequence of Marian's increased indisposition, as they were anxious to place her under the first medical care.

I got their direction from the servant, and did not lose a moment in bending my course towards London. Though I travelled

travelled with as much speed as possible, yet the way appeared insufferably tedious.

The instant I arrived in London, I hastened to —— street: with a palpitating heart I requested to see young Mrs. Fairfield for a moment.

I was shewn into a parlour, where I had to wait for some time, in a state of the most anxious suspense. Every moment appeared an hour; I paced up and down the apartment, though almost unconscious that I moved. At length the door opened, and Mrs. Fairfield entered.

“ Good Heavens! Mr. St. Lawrence, is it you?” exclaimed she, half receding.

“ Do not leave me, for mercy’s sake!” cried I, catching hold of her gown; “ do not leave me, if you would not deprive me of every hope!”

She sat down, and made me take a



seat beside her. The coldness which I observed in her manner soon gave way to her compassionate disposition ; and my overwhelming grief and remorse affected her deeply.

She wept with me, as she told me they had very little hope of Marian's recovery.—“ I think,” said she, “ I love her, if possible, a thousand times better than ever.”

She paused, and gave way, for some moments, to her tears.

“ It seems,” added she, “ that as she every moment becomes fitter for heaven, we are more unwilling to part with her.”

Before she left me, she told me she would break the news of my arrival in London to Marian, and that she had no doubt that she would see me ; but that I must endeavour to be more composed.

In the conversation which she had  
with

with me, she did not attempt to disguise from me that Marian's illness had been brought on by misery of mind—"For she has never been the same," added she, "since the day Mrs. Villiers told her of that letter, which in a fatal moment you wrote to general V——. She since heard of the court of inquiry—through the same channel, I presume; for the minutes of all that had passed there, written in a very beautiful female hand (such as Mrs. Villiers's writing has been described to me), were inclosed to her."

"Oh Heavens!" repeated I, "just Heavens! the punishment is at length equal to the crime!"

"The disgrace," continued Mrs. Fairfield, "weighed heavily on Marian, but she said to me—'Ah! what grieves me more than all is to think St. Lawrence should have spoken so like a Christian, and acted so differently from one.'"

"Why

“Why have I lived,” exclaimed I, when alone—“why have I lived, to bring such misery upon myself, and those I love?”

## CHAPTER X.



“ I still had hopes—for hope will stay,  
After the sunset of delight—  
So like the star that ushers day,  
We scarce can think it heralds night.”

Mrs. Fairfield had appointed me to call on her at nine o'clock the following morning. After a sleepless night, two hours before the appointed time I awaited in the street the moment for calling.

As the clock struck nine, I entered the hall. Mrs. Fairfield came to me in a few moments ; she told me Marian had received the news of my arrival with more composure than she could have expected,

pected, and had expressed the most ardent desire to see me.

I could only evince my gratitude by kissing the hand which Mrs. Fairfield stretched out to me, for my tears were now falling so fast, that I was incapable of speaking.

When I had a little recovered myself, at her request I consented to enter the room where her mother and sisters-in-law were at breakfast, that she might introduce me to them.

I believe I should scarcely have had courage to do so, had she not assured me that they knew nothing of what had passed relative to Raymond, as Marian had made it her earnest request that neither she nor Mrs. Fairfield should mention it.

We entered the room where they were. They spoke with much kindness to me, as to one with whom they were already acquainted.

In

In a short time Mrs. Fairfield told me Marian was ready to receive me. I followed her up stairs, and she left me at Marian's door.

To describe the agitation which I felt on entering her room is impossible. I rushed forward—"Henry!"—"Marian!" escaped our lips, as she sunk almost lifeless into my arms.

Our tears flowed together for some time, and we were incapable of speaking. At length I broke the silence by exclaiming passionately—"And does my own dear Marian indeed forgive me?"

"Ah, Henry! speak not of forgiveness: to you I gave my best affections, nor could I, if I even wished it, withdraw them now."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed I; "I am not then the lost creature I supposed myself; some hope yet remains for me!"

Marian looked mournfully on me.

"Do not look so sad, my love," cried I;

I; “ we have suffered much, but I trust the voice of my complaint has been heard—that my sin is pardoned, and that, in a life of active Christianity with you, my Marian, I may atone for my past guilt.”

Marian remained silent.

“ Will you not speak to me, my love?” continued I—“ tell me I may yet indulge these fond hopes?”

She turned on me her looks—their expression could not be mistaken. I felt my blood run cold : I looked upon that graceful form, whose symmetry I had so often admired—it was wasted to a shadow ; I looked upon that countenance, on which I had so often gazed with rapture—the shades of death already appeared to overcast it.

“ Ah !” said she, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, “ is it thus we meet ?”

Her voice retained all its sweetness,  
but

but had lost all its strength ; its tones were affecting even when she was in health, but now were peculiarly so.

“ But I trust,” added she, “ I trust we shall meet——”

Her voice became broken, and I could only answer her by pressing the hand which I held to my lips and bosom.

“ St. Lawrence,” resumed she, “ we now understand each other. You have need of much fortitude ; I know what your feelings must be. But there are other regions—different, far different from this, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, and where God himself shall wipe away all tears. Let us hope we are to meet again.”

She leant back, evidently overcome by emotion and weakness ; I knelt beside her, and wiped away her tears as they fell.

Her mother and sisters, fearing, I suppose, that her agitation would be too great,



great, if allowed to converse too long with me, entered.

I remained with my beloved Marian the whole day, and when I was taking leave of her at night, she entreated I would be with her “the next day, and the next, and every day till——” The words died upon her lips ; but her tears, which began to flow rapidly, told me too plainly what she would have added.

## CHAPTER XI.



Shall we be sundered ? shall we part, sweet girl ?



Oh, were it but my life,

I'd throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin !

SHAKESPEARE.

“ THESE links, which chain me so irresistibly to earth,” said Marian, looking mournfully and tenderly on those who surrounded her, “ these links must be broken, and I must learn to submit as becomes a Christian. Ah ! why do I speak of submitting ? it but ill becomes me, who have often acknowledged that  
‘ the

‘ the loving-kindness of the Lord is better than life.’

“ Oh !” cried her youngest sister, a girl of about fourteen, who had placed herself at Marian’s feet, and who wept incessantly, “ oh, Marian ! Marian ! do not speak of leaving us ! it cannot be—we are not to be so miserable !”

I had not relinquished the hand which Marian had placed in mine when I took my seat beside her — I felt a kind of hope while I yet held it, and I thought, to have parted with it would have been to run the risk of never pressing it while life still throbbed at its pulse ; the disengaged hand she gave to her sister, who kissed it a thousand times, and bathed it with her tears.

“ My love,” said Marian, considerably agitated by the violent bursts of grief to which her sister gave way, “ my dear Olivia, I know that I shall ever live in  
your

your hearts—I know the tender regret with which you will ever remember me —But I trust—I know you will not mourn as those who have no hope.”

Marian leant back, and I felt the most cruel terrors lest her last moments were approaching.

“I will rest myself,” said she, “and I shall be better just now.”

We assisted her on the sofa.

“My poor Marian,” said her mother, “is often affected with this weakness.”

I felt relieved by hearing it, as the danger which it appeared to me to threaten might not be so immediate as I had apprehended.

In some time we judged, by a low moaning, that she had fallen into a kind of sleep. I cannot describe the agony I felt at witnessing that disturbed sleep, and hearing that moaning, which I had often heard mentioned as a fatal symptom attending the complaint.

We

We watched by her for some time ; but her sleep continuing, her mother left her in Mrs. Fairfield's care, and we left the room.

“ Olivia,” said her mother, turning to her youngest daughter, “ I wish most earnestly you would endeavour to have some little command over your feelings. See how your sister and sister-in-law exert their fortitude, though their hearts are nearly broken. Your violent bursts of passionate grief have more than once completely upset all our resolution, and cruelly agitated that creature whose composure should be our first object. If we cannot restore her to health, or bind her to life, we can make her last hours easy and tranquil, and the sacrifice of our own feelings, for such an object, would be no impossible task.”

“ Forgive me, my dear mother,” cried Olivia, throwing herself upon her mother's

ther's bosom in an agony of tears, "no sacrifice could be too great indeed for me to make for my darling Marian. Oh! if I could but give up my life for her, I should be too happy!"

She then turned to me, and exclaimed—"Ah, Mr. St. Lawrence, you too love her—you too must know what I feel. It is not only for a sister I weep, but she was my adviser—I never did any thing wrong that I did not run to tell her, for I knew she would get me out of my trouble; and often and often, when my passionate temper has vexed those around me, she has been the peacemaker, and always made me so sorry when I did wrong! Every thing, too, that I can do, I learned from her; and if she goes, a single instant of the day cannot pass without my recollecting her, and all her goodness, and how little I deserved it."

Olivia's voice was almost stifled by her emotion, but recovering herself in a few

moments sufficiently to speak, she continued—"But why do I speak of myself? I am young and strong, and ought to be able to bear misfortunes; but my mother, my poor dear mother!"

She hid her face on her mother's bosom, and wept violently, entreating her forgiveness every moment for having affected her so much. When her mother could speak (for she could not for some moments, though she had granted Olivia's pardon by a tender embrace)—when she could speak, she said—"My dear child, retire to your own room, and pray to Him who is the giver of all good gifts, to grant you patience and resignation; and remember that this violent agitation must incapacitate you, as well as the rest of us, for the performance of our duty to the angelic sufferer.—It is natural," said she, as her daughter left the room, "it is natural that she should find it difficult to restrain her feelings, which

which are very strong; but she must learn to conquer the selfish indulgence of them. I do not wonder that her grief should be almost boundless at this moment, for that creature was the pride of all our lives. Ah, Mr. St. Lawrence! it is difficult for a mother to learn to be resigned to the loss of such a child."



## CHAPTER XII.



Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?

Who up the lofty diapason roll

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,

Then let them down again into the soul ?

Now rising love they fann'd—now pleasing dole

They breath'd, in tender musings through the heart ;

And now a graver sacred strain they stole

As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :

Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

THOMSON.

THERE was something very melancholy in the disappointment which Marian constantly felt, when, mistaking the extent of her strength, she endeavoured to

to employ herself in some manner which her weakness soon reminded her was impossible—but she did not complain. At times she felt herself so much better, that she was inclined to indulge hopes of her recovery, but an hour or two would produce so great an alteration, that she could flatter herself no longer. We who surrounded her were too happy to seize the least gleam of hope, so that any change for the better was hailed as the commencement of a rapid recovery. Nobody who has not felt it can have the least idea of the misery of such a suspense, the constant wavering between hope and despair.

The only comfort which her family and those about her seemed to feel was in being constantly employed in her service; they watched her looks, and every trifling commission which she gave them was received as a favour, and executed as a sacred trust.

One evening when I, accompanied by her mother and sisters, went to pass a few hours with her in her room, we found her with a volume of Cowper's Poems open before her. As I took my place beside her, she closed the book, and entered into conversation. Her mother talked of a journey which she meant to take to Bristol, when the season was a little further advanced, as she thought it might be beneficial to Marian—"And then," added she, "we will go to Essex, and your native air and your garden will soon, my love, restore you."

Marian pressed her hand and smiled, but she did not speak.

"Gardening always agreed with you, my love," said she.

Marian sighed; she opened the book which was before her, and leant over the pages which she turned, as if in search of some particular poem or lines; but the big tear which now and then  
fell

fell upon the leaves told me that she busied herself to hide the emotion which was awakened by the mention of a home which it was too evident she never again expected to see.

By making no effort to join in the conversation for some moments, she recovered her composure. She exerted herself to prevent her spirits giving way again. She asked for her harp—"For it is long," said she, "since I have touched it, and you, my dear mother, love to hear it."

It was brought to her; she touched the chords, and the sounds she drew from them were so plaintive and so mournful, that we could not restrain our tears. She motioned to her sister to remove it.—"My dear friends," said she, "I do not wish to make you sad; I see you all weep."

She sighed, and again looked down upon the book. In a few moments, at

her entreaty, her sister took the harp, and played over some of Marian's favourite airs. I watched her countenance, and could see how much these airs affected her.—“ I used to play that for you,” said she, turning to me: “ how sweetly, yet how mournfully music brings past scenes to our recollection! Let me hear that *once more*.”

I started as I heard her say *once more*—I looked at her, but she seemed to be intently reading.

“ What poem are you reading, my love?” inquired her mother.

“ Your favourite, *Hope*,” returned she; “ shall I try to read a little of it?”

She began the poem. She became particularly animated as she came to the beautiful lines—

“ Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all  
That men have deem'd substantial since the fall ;  
Yet has the wond'rous virtue to educe  
From emptiness itself a real use ;

And

And while she takes, as at a father's hand,  
What health and sober appetite demand,  
From fading good derives, with chemic art,  
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.  
Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,  
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,  
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,  
Plucks amaranthine joys from bow'rs of bliss,  
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,  
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear."

As she concluded these lines, her voice died away, and she fell back.

"My love," cried her mother, "you exert yourself too much." But the spirit was fled! For a considerable time I could not be convinced of the sad reality; when at length I was, my grief and my self-reproach were so great, that my reason very nearly forsook me. But to describe the sorrow which sinks into the heart at such a moment is impossible. Those who have knelt by the bed of death, and seen those eyes which ever

beamed on them with affectionate tenderness, closed for ever—who have seen those lips, that so often breathed the sentiments of the heart, cold and motionless—who have held the hand which can no longer return the fond pressure—they, and they only, can understand what I felt.

The affliction of her family was deep, but it was not without consolation.—“Happy is she who died!” I heard from all—“Happy is she who died!”

## CHAPTER XIII.



“ But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the mould on her yellow hair?  
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turned about awa to gae?”

AFTER the last sad rites were paid to my beloved Marian, I took leave of her afflicted family, and with a heavy heart left the house of mourning to return to my poor mother. I endeavoured, during my journey, to reason myself into something like composure, for the sake of her to whom I was going. I succeeded but ill, for when I entered the room in which my mother was sitting,



I could only rush into her arms, and give way to a torrent of tears.

My mother wept, and used every argument suggested by religion and affection to sooth me. I listened to her in silence; I confessed the truth of all she urged, but I was not yet in a state to derive any thing like permanent consolation.

I shut myself up day after day, indulging the most mournful recollections, and gazing on that picture which my Marian had given me at the happiest period of my life. My mother did not attempt to break in upon my solitude, and I do not know how much longer I should have preferred this selfish indulgence to my duty to her, had not my consideration for her been a little awakened by Dermot.

“What a sorrowful heart my poor mistis has!” said he. “Something mis-  
gives

gives me, but I don't think she's long for this world."

" Good Heaven forbid !" exclaimed I, roused by what he said.

" Ah, master Hinry, it's too true ! Something tells me we sha'n't have her long. I'm sure it's we that ought to make much of her before she goes. Why, she's gone to nothing, and a sparrow would make use of more nor she does : but she don't complain—indeed she never was one to make much of herself, and often has she hid her own heavy heart from us that were about her, for fear we should take on. Ah, avourneen ! when she goes, where will you get such a mother ? and poor Dearnot might beg his bread through the wide world before he'd meet such another mistis. And the poor !—it'll be a sore day for them ; and the eyes that cried many a salt tear for the master  
will

will be wet again for him the day that she goes."

"I trust, I hope," cried I, "that you are mistaken."

"Ah, troth! that impression about the heart never comes to any good. I'm sure she frets all day, sittin in that little room alone—she that had her beautiful house!—and lookin upon that bit of a garden. As I was walkin by forneant the window yesterday, I saw her with her handkerchief up to her eyes. She saw me lookin sad and sorrowful at her, and she put away the handkerchief, and she asked me somethin about the weather. But she couldn't desave me, for her eyes were quite red, and I knew she had been cryin, sure enough."

Dermot now brushed away the tears which were falling fast from his own eyes; and I stood listening to him with a horror which deprived me of utterance.

"Now,

“ Now, if it wouldn’t be takin too much upon me, for the likes of me to spake, I’d make bould to be after sayin, that if you’d wish to see her come to at all, master Hinry, you shouldn’t lave her so much to herself. You know she has no one in the wide world to look to but yourself, for she has lost all that was near and dear to her; and if it hadn’t been for you, who was but a wee creature, prattlin about her, when the master was taken, she’d never have done a halfpennyworth of good: but she strove and struggled to keep up a heart, for she knew you had no one to depend on but herself; and the best of care she took of you, watchin over you late and airly; and the best of larnin she gave you, and an illegant schollard she made you, sure enough: and she let you lave her to go a campaynin and sodgerin, though it almost kilt her, because she thought your heart was in it.”

All

All that Dermot had said struck me in the most forcible manner, and I determined that ingratitude to the best of mothers should no longer be added to my other sins. I determined to relinquish the selfish gratification which I had too long indulged, to devote most of my time to her who had looked on my childhood, and to endeavour to subdue my own feelings, or at least to conceal them, that I might not add another pang to a heart which had already suffered too much. I felt some consolation in the effort which I made, particularly as it was ever present to my mind that Marian would have approved of it.

Dermot's observations on the alteration in my mother's appearance were not unfounded: I had been so absorbed in my grief, that it escaped my notice. However, I had soon the comfort of perceiving that my exertions were not lost: she seemed sensibly affected by them, though she did not speak on the subject,

ject, but often, by an affectionate look, a kind word, or a gentle pressure of the hand, gave me to understand how much they gratified her. In a short time I was rewarded by seeing her looks improve, and her appetite and spirits return.

Two years passed on. Moments I did steal, when, free from all observation, I poured forth my sorrows before Him who seeth the heart—when I recalled those scenes which time had not rendered less dear to me—when I wept over and kissed that resemblance of her who lives for ever in my heart. These moments became more sacred when I did not permit their too frequent recurrence, and when I carried with me the gratifying reflection that I no longer neglected the most powerful moral duty I had now to perform.

One morning, as I was reading to my mother a poem which I had once read with Marian (for I now took a melancholy

choly pleasure in every thing associated with the recollection of a person I so tenderly loved), the servant of the house entered and told me, that a gentleman in the parlour wished to see me. I closed the book and went down. I had scarcely entered the room, when Raymond rushed forward, and embraced me. With the most lively agitation I entreated his forgiveness for the wrongs which I had made him suffer—with the most unbounded gratitude I heard him pronounce the most generous of pardons.

“Ah, my dear friend!” cried he, “you have suffered much since we last met. Happy shall I be, if I am able in any way to lighten your care.”

He then went on to say, that when he had arrived at home with his wife and child (for he had married Miss Sandford), his first inquiry was after my mother and me. When he had heard that we had disposed of our place, and  
gone

gone to live out of the neighbourhood, he felt the saddest disappointment, for it had been his first object to see me, and to be reconciled : but when he had learned positively the motive, which he had before guessed, for our leaving our home, his regret and his earnest desire to see me doubled ; he therefore hastened, without loss of time, to our abode—but not before he had arranged with the present occupier of our former residence to give it up to us in two months, should we consent to return to it.

The meeting between my mother and Raymond was tender and affecting. I could not at first divest myself of the embarrassment which his presence occasioned ; but soon his frank and affectionate manners produced on my part an entire confidence. I now felt for him an affection which I had never before ; for that hateful passion which had embittered my intercourse with him from my childhood



childhood was extinguished for ever. I was convinced of my sin, and still bent under the weight of the heavy punishment I had brought upon myself.

I had now become well acquainted with that gospel which teaches peace and goodwill, and I rejoiced in tracing its influence on my heart, as that heart warmed with affection towards the noblest of friends, and my admiration of his many excellent qualities was unmingled with any other sensation.

To his earnest entreaty that we would return to our home we agreed. My mother's countenance beamed with satisfaction as she thought of again returning to those scenes of her happier days. A melancholy feeling pervaded my mind for a few moments, when I thought of all the sorrowful recollections which would be associated with that home; but when I looked at my dear mother, and saw the tear of pleasure glisten in her

her

her eye—when I reflected that this was perhaps the only opportunity which I should have of complying with Raymond's wishes, I checked the sigh which was rising, and made all the arrangements which were necessary to put the plan into execution.

In a little less than two months, Raymond came to us again, for the purpose of accompanying us home. I concealed the emotion which these well-known scenes awakened. My mother could not restrain her tears, but I could read in her countenance that they were tears as much of pleasure as of mournful recollections. As for Dermot, his transports were quite unbounded. He cried and laughed by turns; and I believe there was not an inch of ground about the place that he had not visited and apostrophized before he had been two days settled at home. He resumed his spade with delight, and often declared  
how

how many thousand times it was preferable to a musket.

My mother returned to her former avocations—her garden became again her principal amusement, and her health and spirits were soon most materially benefited by the change.

CHAPTER XIV.  
////////

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

SHAKESPEARE.

ABOUT a year since, as I was one Sunday leaving church, some one laid their hand upon my arm, and called me by name. I turned round to see who it was, and I beheld Miss Danby. I felt myself grow red and pale by turns, for all that had passed previous to and since my last meeting with her rose in my mind.

“Ah, my good friend,” said she, “I  
am

am very happy to see you. But you are grown very thin and pale. I suppose you stay here vegetating all the year? You will really turn hermit, if you don't go to London, or at least to Brighton or Cheltenham, or somewhere, in the season. I shall be for a week in this neighbourhood; I am on a visit at lady Grove's, where I expect you will pay your devoirs."

I assured her I would.

"I was to have staid a month," continued she, "but I find them such good sort of quizzical people, that I have made an excuse to leave them in a week. They lead the most extraordinary life! Their sole object in getting up is to go to bed, and their great object in going to bed is to get up. Nothing can be so different from my system; for you know, if I am once up, I don't care if I never see a bed as long as I live; and if once I go to bed, I find it next to an impossibility to get

get up. Sir Stephen, too, has taken it into his head to be a farmer, and does so plague one with his plough-bullocks and his milch-cows. I am sure I shall get my death of cold before I leave him, for he is always flinging open the doors, and throwing up all the windows, to try how the wind blows, or whether it is going to hail or rain. When I fly from him to get shelter with lady Grove, she attacks me in the most dreadful manner, by marshalling on her side all the pains and aches that have ever been heard of since the days of Noah. So what to do I know not: if I return to sir Stephen, I run the risk of becoming a most formidable rival to lady Grove in the rheumatic way."

I inquired after her brother.

"Oh, I must tell you all about that. He is very well, but terribly tormented by that stiff creature that in an evil day he took to wife. She and I could never

agree well with each other; we never had a fracas, but there never was a particle of cordiality between us. She perceived that I hated the Portuguese, and I knew that she detested the English; so one morning I stepped on board a vessel, and sailed for England, as I had now no alternative but taking up my quarters with my uncle, old Crossy. Well, Alick thought it was the best thing I could do, as it seemed a certain thing that I should, in a very short time, become mistress of twenty or thirty thousand pounds; and I went, determined to make myself as comfortable as was consistent with living under the same roof with a peevish gonty old bachelor. But, thank you, he had determined to make me as uncomfortable as possible. He was the most unreasonable creature I ever beheld. He thought I had the whole of Mrs. Glasse's cookery-book off by heart. He was constantly saying—  
‘ Niece,

‘Niece, how should such a pudding be made?’—‘Do you know how to prepare chicken-broth?’—‘Have you a good receipt for preserving cherries?’—‘Be so good as to tell the cook how she is to pickle cucumbers.’

“You may guess how I stared at him, and how very difficult I found it to prevent myself from laughing at him. But I might as well have indulged myself, for I never laughed at a creature that came to the house, that he did not suppose it was at him, and I generally had to encounter a severe lecture the next day. I used to call that a *chronic* lecture which was continued through the day by growling and grumbling, and hints, and allusions, and so forth; but that was an *acute* one which burst out all at once, like a torrent. But I see I tire you.”

I assured her I felt much interested in what she was telling me, and begged she would go on.



“ Well, one night,” continued she, “ the old man took it into his head to be in a most excellent humour with me, which was infinitely more tiresome than his tantrums ; the one put me to sleep, the other made me laugh. He told me, just when his good-humour rose to the crisis, that he had made a slight alteration in his will that morning—setting me down for twenty thousand pounds instead of ten. I ran over in my own mind all the good things I’d do, and all the fine things I’d buy, when a most unlucky occurrence took place. Lo and behold ! my uncle, in the warmth of his heart, bid me ask two young ladies, the Misses Cornville, to spend a fortnight with me. He knew that I liked them better than any of his other acquaintances—not that there was any thing very much to be liked in them, but they understood a little fun ; and though they could not point out the ridiculous, they  
were

were quick enough at perceiving it when it was hinted to them. Well, my very unlucky stars brought them, and a troublesome country gentleman gave an electioneering dinner, to which my uncle went. As soon as he was fairly out of the house, I stepped up to his room, equipped myself in his dress, which consisted of a certain scarlet waistcoat, which I got to fit me tolerably well with the assistance of three pillows—a blue coat, which would positively have made you half a dozen; a coloured silk handkerchief, a full-bottomed wig, a small cocked hat, and a pair of spectacles, completed my dress. By the aid of some tooth-powder, and a burned cork, I produced much of the effect of his complexion and eyebrows; and the expression of countenance I had so often studied, that I easily threw it into my face. Having rung the bell, and sent for the Cornvilles, without telling for what, I seated myself

in my uncle's great chair, and opening a newspaper, began to read it, making my own, or rather my uncle's comments, as I proceeded, and making his ludicrous mistakes as to persons and places.

“The Miss Cornvilles were so convulsed with laughter, that they could scarcely stand. Their screams of applause and merriment were so loud, that we did not hear the door open, or know that any person had entered the room, till, on raising my eyes off the newspaper to take a pinch of snuff, like my uncle, I beheld him *in propria persona*, standing opposite to me, and behind the Cornvilles. He actually foamed at the mouth, and swelled with rage. With some difficulty I extricated myself from the great chair, and the bundles and muffings with which I was surrounded, and in much confusion was going to scamper down in full uniform. My uncle, however, in spite of a fit of the gout, which

which had hurried him home, seized me by the arm, and swung me back into the room.—‘ You ungrateful, abominable girl!’ exclaimed he, ‘ is this the way in which you serve me? Madam, prepare—to-morrow morning you leave my house for ever! Miss Cornville, my coach is at the door; it shall leave you and your sister at home.’

I was just going to offer something very awkward in the shape of an apology, when my eyes happened unluckily to fall upon a mirror, and I burst into a loud laugh. The Cornvilles, though evidently greatly frightened, tittered very audibly.—So here I am, a poor wretch, with scarcely a farthing to live upon (for the interest of fifteen hundred pounds is next to nothing). I really must turn sempstress, or something in that way. I have some thoughts of writing a farce, and introducing all my ludicrous acquaintances and relations

into it. My old cross uncle shall be the hero.

“ Now really, laying all jokes aside, my good friend, don’t you pity me very much? and I was not in the least to blame, for how could I possibly imagine that the gout would have paid him so unseasonable a visit? He’s an ungrateful man too; for, owing to his rage I suppose, the gout was dispelled, and he had not a right fit of it for two months, and yet he never took that into account.”

I told Miss Danby how sorry I was to hear of her misfortune.

“ Oh, I was blotted out of the will the next day. I’ll soon be so shabby,” added she, laughing, “ that you’ll be ashamed to acknowledge me.—What news have you for me? But I suppose I know more of our gallant regiment than you do. Did you hear of Mrs. Villiers?”

“ No.”

“No,” said I; “what has become of her?”

“You know,” said she, “when you left Lisbon, she was desperately in love with general V——. Well, the general was not quite pleased with some parts of her conduct, and I believe expostulated with her; in consequence of which there was some little coolness between them. In the interregnum which occurred, she intended just to amuse herself with a young ensign, who was deeply enamoured of her. She soon fancied herself equally attached to him; and in no long time they were married. She has found since, to her great mortification, that he was over head and ears in debt, and that it was merely for her good income that he married her. He treats her with the most marked indifference, almost bordering on brutality. But she deserves it all.”

“Unfortunate woman!” cried I; “she

might have been respectable and happy."

"She is any thing but respectable now," said Miss Danby; "every body laughs at her—and she is certainly very unhappy. But I suppose you heard of the marriage of Wilkes?"

I told her that I had heard something of it, but not the particulars.

"He married Miss Fillagree very soon after you left Lisbon: somehow or other, he contrived to match her pink satin, which brought matters to a crisis, and produced the tender scene, which ended in an offer of Wilkes's hand and heart, which was accepted by the fair lady. For at least a fortnight before he had worked himself up to make his proposals, he ran about to all his acquaintances, telling them that he could not, by any means, afford to marry; at the same time declaring that he thought Miss Fillagree a most enchanting girl;

so everybody was prepared for the catastrophe. Nothing could at all equal the ridiculous conduct both of Tattle and his fair one, when making their arrangements. Her dress appeared to be the great object of the marriage; the suitableness of her trimming to her gown seemed a far more important concern than the accordance of their temper and dispositions. Her mother shewed the most parental solicitude about the quality of the satin of which her dress was to be composed, and her sisters the most disinterested anxiety about the form of her sleeves. Mrs. Castles was called in on the consultation on her hat, to which Tattle listened with the most unaffected interest, now and then venturing a very sensible remark. Mrs. Fillagree declared he was a very excellent young man, wonderfully attached to Miss Fillagree, and had actually set them all right, as to how she was to put



in her feathers. Then the favours were to be made up: Heavens! how poor Tattle laboured! Then the plumcake, for which he gave the receipt in wretched Portuguese, cost him many a sleepless night, for he was in such misery lest any ingredient should be forgotten, that you would have supposed that all his hopes of happiness in the marriage-state depended on its being properly compounded."

I inquired after most of the officers. She had some ludicrous anecdote to tell of each.—“ You cannot think how mortified poor Miss Godfrey was that her uncle Cecill was not *slightly* wounded at least; for ‘ *The Lament*,’ which had cost her so much trouble, was now only so much poetry wasted; however, with wonderful facility, she changed it into an ‘ *Ode on his safe Return*.’ ”

Miss Danby ran on for a considerable time in her usual flippant manner: I found

found that her foible was completely incurable, though it had, in more instances than the present, brought its punishment with it. But how light did her fault appear, when I compared it with that to which I had so long given way! —how trifling her punishment, when compared with that I had endured!

My dear mother, and my kind and generous Raymond, do all they can to dispel the melancholy which frequently steals on me. In gratitude to them, I endeavour to chase away those sad recollections with which I am justly visited; and often, very often, do I assume a cheerfulness foreign to my heart, that I may not seem insensible to their tenderness and affection.

They have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that although not happy, I am perfectly resigned: my punishment has been severe, but not greater than my offence merited; it has produced,

duced, I trust, not murmurings and repinings, but heartfelt penitence.

The flowers I should have culled in this transitory scene have deservedly withered beneath my touch; but I look forward, with humble hope, to those "everlasting hills," where the pardoned offender shall receive "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

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# **N O T E S.**

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## N O T E S.

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*“ Never was there a harder fought battle.”*

Page 14.

Nothing could be more critical than the state of the peninsular war at the battle of Talavera, an action which, doubtful as was its character and results, certainly formed the distinct difference between that and the preceding campaign. Without this trial with the enemy, foot to foot, the British army could have no longer continued the ally of Spain: with such a trial previously made, it would not now have occurred under such disadvantages.

Hitherto the brave British troops had at least avoided the enemy, whom they had had no opportunity

tunity of meeting for a long time on the continent of Europe, unless in the hapless affair of Corunna; the enemy therefore did not know them, unless in those insular affairs, which, from their locality and brevity, were much confined. That the knowledge which they now derived was eminently useful, will appear, among others, in the following circumstances:—

1st. That the enemy were in every instance highly respectful towards the officers and soldiers of the British army with whom they fell in contact, and also such of the allies as *did* accompany them.

And, 2d. That the British army, and also the allies, did acquire a closer idea of the real character of the enemy, not merely in point of force, but of amenity, and all the other characteristics of a fighting army, than had been entertained before.

On the morning of the twenty-second of July, the combined army was in motion before day-break, and advanced along the extensive plain towards Talavera. Few officers had ever previously  
seen

seen so large a body acting, as if by one impulse, and marching in one direction. It was, in truth, a sublime and magnificent spectacle, and the occasion was calculated to excite the most exalted ideas in a soldier's bosom.

About six o'clock a heavy cannonade commenced in front, and continued at intervals until three in the afternoon; a little before which the combined army *bivouacked* within a mile-and-a-half of Talavera, whence the enemy was dislodged in the course of the morning, by the advance of the British and Spaniards. The French cavalry retreated over the Alberche, closely pursued.

Exactly at four in the morning of the twenty-third instant, the several divisions of the army moved out of the wood in which they had reposed the preceding night, and were halted almost immediately afterwards. At eight o'clock the troops again advanced, and, about noon, arrived near the ruins of an old convent, within two miles of the Alberche, on the opposite bank of which the enemy was posted in force, when an order was  
given



given for the British to return to their former ground.

An hour after midnight, on the twenty-fourth of July, the army assembled without beat of drum, and advanced left in front, in silence, and with the most perfect regularity, to the expected attack. About six the guards arrived within sight of the Alberche, when they perceived, with surprise, that the enemy had abandoned his position, and was in full retreat. The commander of the forces and lieutenant-general Sherbrooke had passed the Alberche with a considerable body of cavalry, and major-general Mackenzie's division of infantry, and hung on the rear of the enemy's retiring columns. The advance of the British halted at the village of Caselegas, one league beyond the Alberche. Cuesta pushed forward his outposts two leagues further, to Santa Olalla, late the head-quarters of marshal Victor.

After halting for orders until noon (during which interval the officers crossed the river to see the French huts, which were remarkable for their

neatness

neatness and regularity) the troops returned to their former position, in the wood of olives.

On the twenty-sixth, a heavy cannonade commenced soon after daylight, and continued until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the commander of the forces, who had rode out at an early hour, returned from the field in high spirits. The action was betwixt the advance of the French and Spanish outposts, which fell back upon the position heretofore occupied by the enemy on the Alberche. The Spaniards lost from three to four hundred in killed and wounded; several of the latter were brought into Talavera in the course of the afternoon.

The cannonade was renewed next morning, the twenty-seventh; and the Spaniards, covered by the British cavalry and major-general Mackenzie's division of infantry, continued to retire upon the town. As the day advanced, the intention of the enemy to try the issue of a general engagement became no longer doubtful; and about three *p. m.* his columns, which moved forward after crossing the Alberche with great rapidity, having approached

proached within two leagues of Talavera, the several divisions of the British army were placed in the positions previously chosen, where they remained, awaiting the attack.

About half-past six o'clock the enemy appeared in considerable force on the heights opposite the centre of the British line, and opened a heavy cannonade of shot and shells, which was instantaneously returned from the principal battery, placed on a commanding eminence, in the rear of general Hill's division. At the same time, the French made a vigorous attack on the left, where, after a most obstinate conflict, they were completely repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The enemy also pushed forward several corps of infantry, supported by a strong division of cavalry, on the right, with a view of carrying the town of Talavera, in which object he failed, and was driven back by the fire from the Spanish batteries. The cannonade continued on both sides until dusk.

In the course of the night the enemy made a second assault upon the height; from whence,  
after

after gaining a momentary possession, he was dislodged by general Hill, with prodigious slaughter.

At two in the morning, the Spanish line was alarmed, at all points, by the approach of the enemy's light troops, who were received with a brisk discharge of musquetry, which ceased in about ten minutes, when the silence of night again prevailed on the field of battle.

At length daylight broke upon the contending armies, who were drawn up opposite to each other in the positions they respectively occupied at the beginning of the action on the preceding evening. About six, the engagement was renewed, and continued, without intermission, until eleven o'clock, when the firing ceased, as if by mutual consent, for nearly three hours, during which interval the French appeared to be employed in cooking, and the British army reposed on the ground, seemingly regardless of the enemy's presence. It was at this time also the wounded were carried off to the rear; and, while engaged in this painful duty, the British and French soldiers shook hands with each other, and expressed their admiration

ration of the gallantry displayed by the troops of both nations. The principal efforts of the French throughout the morning were again directed upon the left; but major-general Hill successfully repelled every attempt to turn his position, and obliged the enemy to retire with considerable loss.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, with his staff, observed the progress of the battle on a height to the left of the British line. From this point he witnessed every movement that was made, and in the midst of the hottest fire, issued the necessary orders with his characteristic coolness and judgment. Two of his aides-de-camp, captains Bouverie and Burgh, were wounded by his side.

At one *p. m.* the enemy was observed bringing up fresh troops, and forming his column, apparently for the purpose of renewing the action; and in fact, about two o'clock the French again advanced under a heavy cannonade, and made a general attack upon the whole of the position occupied by the British.

The enemy's attacking columns on the right had arrived within a short distance of the unfinished redoubt,

redoubt, when general Alexander Campbell made a vigorous charge with his division, supported by two battalions of Spanish infantry, and drove them back, with the loss of their artillery.

The efforts of the enemy on the left were equally unsuccessful as before ; and a charge made by brigadier-general Anson, with the twenty-third light dragoons and German hussars, upon a solid column of infantry, although attended with a severe loss to the former regiment, had the effect of checking their further advance in that direction.

Meanwhile the centre was warmly engaged. Exactly at three o'clock, several heavy columns advanced upon this point, and deployed with the utmost precision into line, as they entered the plain which lay betwixt the heights occupied by the hostile armies. This was the grand attack ; and, on the first indication of the enemy's intention, general Sherbrooke gave directions that his division should prepare for the charge. At this awful moment all was silent, except a few guns of the enemy, answered by the British artillery on the hill. The French came on, over the rough

and broken ground in the valley, in the most imposing manner, and with great resolution, and were met by the British with their usual undaunted firmness. As if with one accord, the division advanced against the enemy, whose ranks were speedily broken, and thrown into confusion by a well-directed volley. The impetuosity of the soldiers was not to be repressed; and the brigade on the immediate left of the guards being halted, that flank, from its advanced situation in the eagerness of pursuit, became exposed to the enemy, who had already given way, and deserted his guns on the hill in front, until, observing this part of the line unsupported, the French rallied, and returned, with increased numbers, to their attack upon the centre.

Brigadier-general Harry Campbell now gave orders for the guards to retire to their original position in line, and the first battalion of the forty-eighth regiment was directed to cover this movement by the commander of the forces, who saw and provided for every emergency during the tremendous conflict. Foiled at all points, the  
French

French withdrew the remains of the columns which had been unsuccessfully opposed to the centre; they, however, continued the fire of their artillery, and the engagement, which had been renewed this morning with the rising of the sun, ceased only with its setting.

About six in the evening, the long dry grass having caught fire, the flames spread rapidly over the field of action, and consumed, in their fatal progress, numbers of the dead and wounded.

A dim and cheerless moon threw a faint lustre over the surrounding objects after the close of day. Small parties were sent out to bring in the wounded; the enemy was employed in a similar manner, and had made large fires along the whole front of his extensive line.

The troops lay upon their arms this second night, without provisions of any kind: water even was scarce. It was fully expected that the French would renew the attack in the morning, but they retired under cover of the night, leaving in the hands of the British twenty pieces of artillery, and some prisoners. Their rear-guard, consisting of



cavalry, alone remained on the right bank of the Alberche at daybreak. The retreat was certainly conducted with ability, and was not generally known in the British army until long after the enemy had abandoned his position.

Soon after eight o'clock, the British quitted their positions in the field, and again huted in the wood of olives. About nine the light brigade under general Robert Crawford arrived, having marched twelve Spanish leagues in the preceding twenty-four hours.

Motives of curiosity induced several officers to visit Talavera on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth of July. The town appeared almost deserted: here and there a few soldiers were walking about, looking for the quarters of their wounded comrades. The houses were, for the greater part, shut up; the inhabitants, previous to the engagement, had fled across the Tagus with their most valuable effects, and were not yet returned.

In the annals of history, there can be nothing traced to surpass the bravery which the British troops evinced in this battle, where twenty-four  
thousand

thousand British stood the attack, and defeated such superior numbers of French, headed by generals of known celebrity, after two days and nights hard fighting.

It is a circumstance worth mention, because it proves the coolness and intrepidity of the troops, that, during the action of the twenty-eighth, and at the time the enemy's guns were playing on the left of the British line with great effect, a solitary hare was started on the plain and valley on the left of the height, by a shell accidentally bursting near the cover of the affrighted animal, who, being discovered by the divisions on the height, and in the valley, a *halloo* was set up by the men, much to the annoyance of the general officers, who, however, could not prevent them enjoying the chase in fancy, until the timid creature, unable to extricate itself (the artillery playing from every direction in which it attempted to retreat), was shot with a bullet by a soldier of the rifle battalion of the sixtieth regiment. The diversion this chase afforded to the soldiers, says the friend of the writer who narrates the incident, sufficiently

proves that their minds could not have been overpowered by fear. We may say with the Spartan, addressing the eulogist of Hercules, who ever blamed them on this score? and we may add, that he who observed it with so much interest could not be wanting in the faculties he praises.

During the second day of the battle, the face of the ground changed from straw-colour to black, the power of the sun having parched the ground, together with the weed and stubble, then its only produce. The explosion of a shell instantly fired it; and on reaching the pouch or magazine of the wounded, who were unable to assist themselves, would either blow up the sufferer altogether, or irretrievably injure him.

The effect of a shell (it need not be stated, except to young officers), when exploding in a short range, is terribly destructive, twenty men falling under the influence of this combustible in a second. Sometimes it will make its way through an entire column; and, in one instance, where a shell exploded in the centre of a French column, the whole were thrown into entire disorder. A ricochet-ball

ball having struck an English tumbril near the height, blew up its contents, and killed brigademajor Gardiner, of general Stewart's brigade, and badly wounded some officers of the sixtieth regiment:—the forty-eighth regiment and Buffs received much damage in the same way; and one shell fell on the height on which lord Wellington placed himself, and destroyed a tumbril, four horses, and all the people near it at the time.

Colonel Gordon, eighty-third regiment, after being previously wounded, and in the act of being removed from the field in a blanket, was (together with those around him) blown to pieces by a shell, which, in a most unhappy manner, rolled after him. This officer had the respect of his regiment, and was considered by all to be a great loss to the service.

Colonel Muter, third Buffs, was struck by a shell on the head, while sitting, among a number of officers, on the side of the height, remarking upon the enemy's movement. He was universally esteemed, and deeply regretted by the Buffs.

Lieutenant-colonel Charles Donnellan, first battalion forty-eighth regiment. Among the many brave officers who fell, or received mortal wounds, at Talavera, none is to be more regretted than this officer, who received a wound in the knee, which proved mortal, while leading his battalion to the charge, in support of the guards, who were thrown into confusion from having advanced too far after the enemy. Colonel Donnellan was one who governed his regiment without flogging; and sir David Baird publicly declared the second battalion of the forty-eighth regiment, when on the Curragh of Kildare, in 1808, as fine a regiment, and in as high a state of discipline, as he could desire to command. The abolition of flogging, of course, gained him the affection of the privates; and although he frequently spoke harshly to the officers, he never would injure them by unnecessary courts-martial, or stopping their promotion: and, with the name of a very severe commanding officer, he was looked upon as a father by all, and familiarly styled Charley, an appellation by which he frequently heard himself commented

on in the tents or barracks-rooms, by the men, unconscious of his proximity at the moment. He was promoted to the first battalion in Gibraltar, and joined it early in the year 1809; his removal was deeply regretted by the soldiers of the second. Their affection for their old colonel was strongly evinced upon an occasion when the Spanish general Cuesta reviewed the British troops at Oropesa, previous to the battle of Talavera. A short time before this, the first battalion had joined the army in Spain, under the command of the lieutenant-colonel, and he had not been seen by the men of the second battalion, who were a very steady regiment under arms, and had been particularly cautioned on this occasion, in order to exhibit to general Cuesta a specimen of high British discipline. When the Spanish general, accompanied by lord Wellington, arrived before the regiment, nothing could exceed their steadiness, until the men discovered old Charley (as they styled colonel Donnellan) riding with the staff, when an extraordinary degree of confusion took place, and it was with difficulty they preserved any appearance of discipline,

discipline, reiterating the expressions—“ *Did you see old Charley?*” The congratulation passed like lightning through the men, much to the chagrin of the commanding officer, who piqued himself on their general order.

On the day of the battle, the colonel was dressed according to his regimental order, for a garrison town—stiff leather breeches and long boots, hair powdered, &c. and expressed much displeasure against the enemy, who wounded two of his horses with their (as he expressed himself) “long muskets, made to shoot from two miles off.” On receiving his wound, he was in front of the battle; it was very severe, and seemed to disable him at once. He, however, took off his hat, and, gracefully bowing, called major Middlemore to take the command. If there had been surgical assistance in time, and his leg and part of his thigh amputated, he might have lived; but, in three days, symptoms of mortification appeared, and he was left in Talavera, where he almost immediately died: on his deathbed, he desired to be particularly remembered to all his brave officers, and  
begged,

begged, if he had offended them, that they would excuse his hasty temper, when he was no more.

This brave officer was buried by the French grenadiers of the regiment in Talavera, on or near the spot where he received his wound, with the real honours of war.

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country’s wishes blest !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow’d mould,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod ;  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
Then *HONOUR* comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And *FREEDOM* shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”



*“Lisbon stands pre-eminent in dirt, in nastiness,  
and every abomination.”* Page 36.

A German was invited by an English family here to take *pot-luck* for dinner. He would eat no roast beef, no turkey: all the dishes passed him untouched. “I do wait for dat excellent pote-loock,” said he. You are in great danger of meeting with *pot-luck* if you walk these streets by night. Danae was less alarmed than I was at the golden shower, when I

“Hear nightly dash’d into the perilous street  
The frequent urn.”

This sound, even if you escape extreme unction, announces another danger. There are an astonishing number of dogs here who belong to nobody, and annoy every body: these animals fortunately devour great part of what is discharged from the windows, and no sooner do they hear the

the

the fall, than they run towards it from all quarters, and will nearly throw down the person who is unluckily in their way. The rats, who live among the old ruins, come to partake the banquet, for these animals live together on the most friendly terms. Many of these dogs have their ears erect, and some are without hair, perhaps of the Turkia breed.

The filth of this city is indeed astonishing; every thing is thrown into the street, and all the refuse of the kitchen, and dead animals, are exposed to these scorching suns. I believe these Portuguese would throw one another out, and "leave the dead to bury the dead," if it were not the interest of the priests to prevent them.

In wet weather the streets of Lisbon are very disagreeable: if you walk under the houses, you are drenched by the waterspouts; if you attempt the middle, there is a torrent: would you go between the two, there is the dunghill. When it rains hard, some of the streets are like rivers: I have seen the water rushing down the Rua San Bento more than three feet deep. While the  
stream

stream does not yet fill up the way, some of the more considerate people make a kind of bridge over it, by placing a plank on two blocks or barriers. At the most frequented crossings the Galegos or Galicians, who are the porters of the place, stand to carry people across; but sometimes this is impossible—the tide rushes with such force, that no person can stem it. Carriages have been overturned by it in the Rua de San Bento, which collects the rain from several hills, and it is not long since a woman was drowned\* there.—*Letters from Lisbon.*

“ Our

\* A similar accident happened at the “down-going of the way from St. John’s church upon Walbrook, unto the river of Thames. Whereby the water in the channel there hath such a swift course, that in the year 1554, on the fourth of September, after a very strong shower of rain, a lad of the age of eighteen years, minding to have leapt over the channel, was taken by the feet, and born down by the violence of that narrow stream, and

*“ Our commander-in-chief found it necessary to retreat beyond the Spanish frontier, for the purpose of defending Portugal.”* Page 39.

To ordinary views, nothing could be more hopeless than the idea of this second retirement of the British army from the fields of Spain. Not so with that army, which had by this time become consolidated, and greatly acquired, under its active and vigilant general, the qualities requisite to the great scale on which it was destined to act, almost for the first time. Lord Wellington seems to have fully possessed himself of the truth of that fact, that Portugal was capable of defence at every point, even to Lisbon itself; and to have  
so

and carried towards the Thames with such a violent swiftness, as no man could rescue or stay him, till he came against a cart-wheel that stood in the water gate, before which time he was drowned and stark dead.”—*Stow*.

so imbued his men with it, as that they marched to the rear with the same steadiness as they would have marched against the enemy.

Among the legions of Rome, whose tactics were closely followed by the enemy, ethnical superstition would have produced, under similar circumstances, revolt and flight, scarcely to be remedied by any prodigy in their leader. The British general had the superior felicity of bringing his army into complete security, after an unavailing struggle in the offensive, with honour *and with satisfaction*, notwithstanding the thousand evils under which he laboured, including the bitterest that can afflict an ingenuous mind: the sneers of the ignorant and the calumnies of malevolence fell before him, in the lines of Lisbon,

“ Like dew-drops from the lion’s mane.”

FINIS.





